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[J. HOLMES, TUCK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

The Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart., per legem terræ Lord Chandos of Sudeley. 2 vols. London: Cochrane & Co. It is long since we have read a book which has interested us more deeply than these *confessions* (for such would be the proper title)—inasmuch as they have given us a complete and unexaggerated picture of a mind of no common order, without the drawbacks of those artifices, those studied exhibitions of supposed good points, or that equally studied veiling of blemishes, which so often creep into the diaries and autobiographies of many who fancy themselves sincere chroniclers of their own thoughts, motives, and characteristics. Almost all of Sir Egerton Brydges' recent works have given us glimpses of a history of the workings of his mind—with its many-coloured dreams and aspirations. We consider the work a valuable addition to our psychological biography.

And yet we cannot conceal from ourselves that we have ceased from the perusal of this work with a feeling of melancholy amounting to pain: not that we in the least coincide in the view which its accomplished writer takes of the fate of Genius in the world; we are thankful to believe (what he is hardly disposed to admit) that its existence, even its brightest manifestation, is compatible with that cheerful energy of purpose, that manly endurance of heart, which enable its possessor to withstand again and again, and ultimately to overcome, the malice of fortune. Nor do the many unhappy examples of great minds shattered—of bright stars quenched—of talents, almost divine, wasted—in the least shake our faith in the possibility of such an union; were it otherwise, it were no sin to wish that all the mighty ones yet unborn might perish in their cradles. We were sad when we closed this book, because it contains the picture of a mind, elegant, imaginative, vividly sensitive, active to irritability, but without that support of which we have spoken,—and because it rather speaks the language of regret and complaint, than gives us a calm, but not passionless, retrospect of past trials wrestled with, of past difficulties overcome. Some of the paragraphs towards the close of the second volume are to us deeply affecting—we see the fire still burning eagerly, the vexed spirit still stretching forth its hands hither and thither, where we would fain have beheld something of repose—quiet, but not apathetic; something of the light which has been promised to the eventide of man's days.

These volumes, then, relate feelings rather than facts, opinions more than anecdotes of men—and we shall extract from them largely, still leaving much of their wealth altogether untouched; those who delight in speculating upon the aims and uses of literature may come to them and be satisfied—our business is with the more material part of their contents. In the first place, we cannot

pass over the author's notices of the early manifestation of the spirit within him:—

"I remember that from childhood I had an aversion to all company, and that visitors put me into agonies. My delight was in the fields and woods; in making bowers, and benches, and little gardens; and in watching the hay-makers, the harvest, the plough, and the woodman's axe. I grieved when evening came, and prayed for the dawn of the next day. My temper was always eager, impatient, and enthusiastic. School was perfect misery to me, and at first nearly overset my mind. I was not at all fitted for the rude companions of a public school. The nerves of those who are qualified for poetry are too tremulous for common intercourse."

"My eldest sister was fourteen years and a half older than me: she had an exquisite taste for poetry, and could almost repeat the chief English poets by heart, especially Milton, Pope, Collins, Gray, and the poetical passages of Shakespeare; and she composed easy verses herself with great facility. It is probable that her conversation and example contributed greatly to my early bent to poetry. Two versifications from Isaiah and Jeremiah, which I wrote for school-tasks at Christmas, 1777, my age fifteen, and which gained great applause, fixed my ambition to write verses for life."

"At an early age, Buchanan's Latin poetry was a great and intimate favourite with me, and I got Milton's juvenile poems almost by heart. I generally carried these little volumes (the *Elzevir* of Buchanan) in my pocket. I read them on stiles, on banks, and under hedges, when the season allowed, as well as by the winter fire, when the weather kept me in-doors. From fourteen or fifteen I dreamed of authorship, and never afterwards gave up the ambition. Collins also was one of the earliest objects of my enthusiastic admiration."

Literature, in fact, has been, by his own confession, the great business of his life; a few pages further on, he tells us how "a new book was like wine to him," and we see him to the very end of his autobiography pursuing its enjoyments, and laying plans for new occupations, with unabated ardour. We see, too, that in the course of his life it brought him into communion with many of the great spirits of the age. His characters of some of his contemporaries are masterly:—

"Pitt loved to have about him this sort of subservient young men. It was a meanness in his character. He was not one who could bear a brother near the throne, and he was willing to perform almost all the functions of state himself. He and Thurlow the Chancellor had a mutual antipathy; and at last he was obliged to get rid of the surly, sarcastic, contradictory old ruler of the courts, who yet had long possessed much of the King's ear:—so that the Premier had a contest of some difficulty to conquer. But this made Lord Grenville a Peer—he was brought into the upper House to manage the business there in Thurlow's room; for Loughborough was not to be trusted. Pitt had originally taken for private secretary his tutor, Pretymann, whom he soon promoted to the bishopric of Lincoln. This divine was a laborious and dull mathematician and arithmetician, in which latter capacity Pitt often found him

useful;—he had some talents and acquirements, brought out by toil and industry—but no genius or elegance. He was one of the first men to whom I was introduced at Cambridge, where he was then a resident Fellow of Pembroke Hall. His manners were cold, formal, uncouth, and repulsive; while his comrade, Dr. Turner, afterwards Dean of Norwich, was equally conciliatory. . . .

"I was never introduced to Pitt: I saw him sometimes in the field, on hunting days, when he came down to Walmer. He seemed to delight in riding hard, with his chin in the air; but I believe had no skill as a sportsman—seeking merely exercise, and thinking, as Dryden says, that it was

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than see the doctor for his noxious draught."

In another place a few simple words give us a large insight into the nature and temperament of his mind:—

"Once, and only once, my father spoke to me in terms of literary encouragement; it was the last summer of his life; we were going for a ride: on some occasion he dropped the words 'your genius,' and they have ever since hung like a charm upon my ear."

Further on we have another picture of a contemporary author:—

"Edward Hasted, the historian of Kent, was a good topographical antiquary; but unsteady, and somewhat imprudent and eccentric in his life. He was a voluble and flighty talker, and did not secure respect for the knowledge he possessed. He generally inhabited one of the prebendal houses at Canterbury, where the Prerogative Office, and the Cathedral documents, afforded much aid to the execution of his great work. But as he continued to plunge into pecuniary embarrassments, he grew hasty, careless, and reckless; and the latter part of his 'History' was brought out in a slovenly manner. He consulted many original documents, but not with much critical industry; so that neither his descent of property, nor his genealogies will always be found minutely exact: but altogether it is a great work; and it is wonderful that it is done so well. I have seen no reason to suspect his honesty in this compilation. Lord Radnor took him under his patronage; and latterly, in his distresses, promoted him to a small school in Wiltshire. He had a large family. He was a little, mean-looking man, with a long face and a high nose; quick in his movements, and sharp in his manner. He had no imagination or sentiment; nor any extraordinary quality of the mind, unless memory. At one time, if I forget not, he had been chairman of the Quarter Sessions at Canterbury. I was at school with several of his sons; of whom, George died young, having shown great talents. I think he was destined to the law, and put into an attorney's office in London: I never saw anything but good in him; he was first of the class to which I belonged; Abbott (afterwards Lord Tenterden) was second."

This sketch of one of the far-famed Litchfield coterie immediately follows a severe, but just, character of Miss Seward:—

"I was acquainted with Sir Brooke Boothby: he had too much the manners of a *petit-maitre*; but he had talents as well as accomplishments, though not of the first order. Everything followed some model, and nothing seemed natural,

nor struck home. All appeared to be acquired taste, which he executed with some adroitness. He was a vain, ambitious man; very fond of tawdry, and never appearing in a natural character: still he was so far accomplished, that he could be agreeable for a little while, though he never gained one's confidence. I remember his giving a dinner at a hired house in Canterbury, at which I was present, where he had for that one party the whole walls of the room newly painted with designs of gaudy flowers, as floors are often chalked for dancing! I never saw his paternal house at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire; but I understand that it was whimsically fitted up. I believe Sir Brooke died at Boulogne, about 1823, at an advanced age."

Another—in very small compass—shows us the celebrated Bishop of London:—

"Porteus was then the popular preacher of the Bishops. His manner was mild, but somewhat languid, and not always purified from original vulgarity. I knew him as rector of Hutton, near Maidstone, when I was a little boy nine years old. He was then awkward, reserved, and somewhat pedantic in his manner and mien."

A group of the remarkable characters of Kent is interesting, and worthy of preservation:—

"Kent once produced some very eminent men: witness Sir Thomas Wiat, Lord Buckhurst, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Francis Walsingham. In the time of Charles I. the leading gentry were men of celebrity; such as Sir Dudley Digges, Sir Edwin Sandys, Sir Roger Twysden, editor of the 'Decem Scriptores,' and Sir Edward Dering: this of course gave the bent to the minor gentry. One of the Knatchbolls, in the next reign, was an author, and in rather a singular department for a country baronet—it was in divinity. I do not remember ever to have heard of a Honywood having written a book. The Furnesses of Waldershare raised themselves to great riches at once, by smuggling, at Sandwich, in the reign of William and Mary, but expired in the next generation, enriching Lord Guildford, Sir Edward Dering, and the third Lord Bolingbroke. We had rarely much nobility. The second Lord Cowper, son of the Chancellor, was popular at the Mout, by his support of a pack of fox-hounds, and his love of the sports of the field; and I believe that the Lords Rockingham were well esteemed at Lee's Court, near Feversham; but the squires ruled the day. Mr. Barrett, of Lee, was a man of *virtù*, and a collector; he died 1758: Sir James Gray, of Dennehill, was a diplomatist; and Mr. Robinson, afterwards Lord Rokeby, shut himself up, when he quitted parliament, in his own independence of mind and habits, at Horton, near Hythe. Old John Lewis pursued his own antiquarianism at Margate,—then a little fishing town,—far from all these merry spirits of the field; while Dr. Brook Taylor indulged his philosophical genius at Bifrons. Sir Thomas Palmer of Wingham indulged himself, as Pope says, in 'wedding the whole persone dramatics.'"

"At the same time Sir John Hales shut himself up in his house of St. Stephen's, living like old Elwes, with an immense estate, on a crust, and letting his only son die in a prison. Old Dr. Nicholas Carter, the father of the poetess, was writing theological tracts against his neighbour, the orthodox Randolph, and bandying Latin epigrams with Sir George Oxenden, of Deane; and the poetess herself was writing odes upon wisdom, corresponding with Archbishop Secker, and translating Epictetus; while Nicholas Hardinge was visiting the Grays, and writing Denhilliads. Then the boy Thurlow was leading a life of torment to his master, Talbot, by his

tricks and drolleries at Canterbury school; and laying the foundation of his own future greatness, by the ascendancy of his temper, and the daring directness of his talents. There from a small house opposite the west door of the cathedral issued a Countess of Salisbury; and a fate of future greatness was still hovering over the same humble tenement, destined to be the birth-place of the late most learned and excellent Chief Justice of England. From another town in the same district the noble and illustrious house of Yorke had already issued to adorn the woollack, and enlighten the legislation of the kingdom. At the same time Mrs. Macauley from Ollantigh was nursing her radical politics, and collecting materials for her furious 'History,' while her brother Sawbridge was dreaming of civic honours and John Wilkes. Such was East Kent from about 1720 to 1765."

After this we have characters of many other celebrated persons, among others, of Hayley and Cowper,—but they are rather too diffuse for our purpose. A mention of "Bozzy," in fewer words, is not to be passed:—

"Boswell was a man who,—not only with an extraordinary memory but quickness of apprehension, for no one can remember what he does not understand,—had great appearance of folly in conversation and conduct. I knew him about 1788 or 1789, when attending the circuit at the Maidstone Assizes. He had buoyant and jovial spirits, great vanity, and great absurdity. William Fielding, the son of the author of 'Tom Jones,' played him off with great adroitness, and with an inexhaustible fund of humour, drollery, millery, and wit. Many years afterwards I knew his two sons, Sir Alexander and James Boswell: they had both something of the character of the father, and both injured themselves by conviviality."

Gifford, too, is mentioned in language sufficiently sharp:—

"Willyams also introduced me to the late William Gifford the poet, and editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' whom he knew at Newmarket, when attending the late Lord Grosvenor. He was a singularly ugly little man, of a wasping temper, and, in my opinion, much overrated both as a poet and a critic. His 'Autobiography' is amusing, and there are some good lines in his 'Baviad and Meviad.' But he had a self-conceit which led him to despise others in a very unjustifiable manner; and he had an idea of retaining his dominion by menaces and superciliousness. He affected almost a puritan strictness of morals in his writings; but this did not become the companion of the late Lord Grosvenor. I found him, however, courteous, communicative, and frank, when I paid him a visit. His chief literary intimates were George Ellis, Canning, and the Freres. Canning was a great rhetorician, but not a wise man. George Ellis was an elegant versifier and writer, but not deep; he was a man of the world,—of very polished manners,—but a coxcomb, and a *petit maitre*. His cousin, a West India merchant and intimate of Canning, is now Lord Seaford. Gifford had a singular rise from the obscurity of his early life, and it seemed as if his unexpected prosperity had overset him."

In the next chapter but one is a character of Johnson—in the main true, but with a strong bias towards the severe in judgment. From the Leviathan of literature we come to men mighty in politics:—

"I remember a remark of the late Lord Liverpool when he dined with me, in 1794, at Denton, from his encampment near Dover, as colonel of the Cinque Ports' Fencible Cavalry, which struck me as a proof that he was a man of sentiment and moral reflection. He seemed to

other eyes to be then in the bloom of his successful career. We were talking of the enjoyments of youth: I believe he was at least nine years younger than I was; but he had already had some experience of public life. 'No,' he said, 'youth is not the age of pleasure; we then expect too much, and are therefore exposed to daily disappointments and mortification. When we are a little older, and have brought down our wishes to our experience, then we become calm and begin to enjoy ourselves.'

"I assert that Lord Liverpool's talents were much under-estimated. He had a meek spirit,—too meek for a premier,—and Canning's overbearing temper was too much for him; but he was a far wiser statesman than Canning, though not, like him, a splendid rhetorician."

Next is a sketch of one who tried hard to be a Mæcenas in his day:—

"There were many others who were occasional candidates for favour as poets, living in 1785. Among these was Capel Lofft, with whom I sometimes corresponded. He had many rays of genius, yet partly huddled up in strange clouds. He had shown himself eccentric at college, and continued so through life. He had great acquirements, meant well, and was an enthusiast in patriotic principles, and a general philanthropist; but in everything he did there was an intermixture of want of judgment, which destroyed its effect. He was a lawyer, a political writer, a moralist and critic, a classical scholar, a man of science, and a writer of verses. In every one of these he showed sparks of genius, yet mixed with such inequalities and mistakes, that he did nothing altogether well. He was always getting into all sorts of scrapes and difficulties where he had the best intentions. He was as I have heard, (for I never saw him,) a diminutive man, with an appearance the reverse of comely. He died in Piedmont about 1823, aged about seventy-three. He was nephew and heir of Edward Capel, the editor of Shakspeare."

And the chapter closes with a few remarks on London society, which are worthy of notice:—

"The amusements of London were then very unlike those of the present time. Ranelagh was a chief evening resort; and it was very entertaining, as all ranks were there mingled. Mad. d'Arblay, in her novel of 'Cecilia,' has given a lively picture of a London life at that epoch,—sometimes a little exaggerated. The Karrol [Harrel?] family (I think that is the name) is a good representation of the West Indians of the day; but the East India nabobs were then driving the town before them. The following epigram was then on every one's lips; perhaps it may now be forgotten; it was attributed to Lord Chancellor Camden:—

Epigram.

When Bob Macreth served Arthur's crew,
"Rumbold," he cried, "come black my shoe!"
And Rumbold answered, "Yea, Bob;"
But now return'd from India's land,
He scorn'd to obey the proud command,
And boldly answers, "Na-bob!"

"Most of the leading country gentlemen of that date, who figured in London as possessors of large estates, are now elevated to the peerage: the Lowthers, Cocks's, Eliots, Hills, Pelhams of Brocklesby, Rolles, Campbells of Cawdor, Cholmondeleys, Crews, Lygons, Lambtons, Wilbrahams, Wodehouses, Bridgemans, Powys's, Ashtons, Curzons, Pierreponts, Rous's, Dundas's, Ansons, Lascelles's, &c. &c. Few of this class of families are now left to fill the House of Commons, and the whole city has moved to the western part of the town, while all the barriers of society are thrown down."

The author gives us, in his own happy style, a graphic description of the different manners of some of our orators:—

"I remember that even Canning used often

* To Palmer's bed no actress comes amiss,
He weds the whole persone dramatics."

to hesitate a good deal in the commencement of his speeches. Lord Castlereagh was generally embarrassed even to the last; Vansittart was slow, and could not be heard,—his voice was so faint; Grattan at the latter period, when I knew him, was laboured, tautologous, and energetic on truisms; Whitbread was turgid and foamy; George Ponsonby spoke in snappy sentences, which had the brevity but not the point of epigram; Garrow was *vox et præterea nihil*; Frederick Robinson spoke with vivacity and cleverness, and in a most gentlemanly tone, but wanted a sonorous flow; Bragge Bathurst was analytical, but heavy and tedious; Peel at that time spoke seldom, and only spoke as if he had formally prepared himself for the occasion, with many protests of candour and humble consideration, in a sort of beseeching tone; Charles Grant, who rarely rose, poured out when he did rise a florid academical declamation, of which kind indeed Canning's speeches often were; Huskisson was a wretched speaker, with no command of words, with awkward motions, and a most vulgar uneducated accentuation; Tierney had a manner of his own,—very amusing,—but entirely colloquial; he seldom attempted argument, but was admirable at railery and jest. It is difficult to describe the manner of Sir Francis Burdett:—it was generally solemn, equable, and rather artificially laboured, in a sort of tenor voice; but now and then, when it was animated, it approached for a little while to powerful oratory. I once or twice heard Stephens, the master in Chancery, make a good speech; but the tone was coarse and vulgar. Wilberforce had a shrill feeble voice, and a slow enunciation, as if he was preaching; and his language was of the same character as he used in his writings, with great ingenuity and a constant course of thought out of the common beat; but there was something between the plaintive and the querulous, which was rather fatiguing. Mackintosh was often eloquent, but generally too studied and much too learned for his audience; and he was not sufficiently free from a national accent; his voice too was deficient in strength. Ronilly spoke as a patriotic and philosophic lawyer, full of matter and argument, but perhaps a little too slowly and solemnly for such a mixed assembly as the House of Commons. Plunkett was one of the most powerful speakers, but better in the acuteness of his matter than in his manner. Vesey Fitzgerald had a bold, forward, lively flow of words."

We have then much literary discussion, and many records of private feelings interspersed with graceful and simple sonnets; but we must pass these by, as also his retrospect of the harassing suit in which he was engaged, and hasten back to literature again:—

"The spring of the year I came into parliament Lord Byron's genius began to blaze upon the world. The first canto of 'Childe Harold' was published early in 1812. I was then in London, and well remember the sensation it made. I walked down Bond Street the morning of its publication, and saw it in the windows of all the booksellers' shops. I entered a shop and read a few stanzas, and was not surprised to find something extraordinary in them, because I myself had anticipated much from his 'Hours of Idleness.' Lord Nugent's 'Portugal' was published the same day, but had a very different reception; yet at that time Lord Nugent was considered to be of a much more flourishing family, and moving in a much higher sphere: so that the public does not always judge by mere fashion. Two or three of the poems which followed did not seem to me equally to deserve praise,—such as the 'Glaucour,'—because they were more factitious; but they were still more highly relished by the fashionable world, now prepared to admire what

ever came from the pen of this great, but eccentric, genius.

"The affair of this mighty fame was an affair of a day,—nay, of an hour,—a minute! The train was laid; it caught fire, and it blazed. If it had missed fire at first, I doubt if there would have been a second chance. It began at noon; before night the flame was strong enough to be everlasting. Did it contribute to his happiness? I believe it did: it went a great way towards his occasional purification; if it had not burst out, it would have burnt sullenly within and consumed him."

There is nothing more delightful in all the pages of this book, than the enthusiastic recognition with which its author always greets the appearance of talent.

From literature we proceed to law—some sketches of its *magnates* are worth preserving:—

"The late Lord Rosslyn was a subtle reasoner; but he had no strength, closeness, or rectitude about him, and convinced no one. As he was not loud, but flexible and insinuating, his very manner raised suspicion. Lord Mansfield had something of the same sort, but he was more eloquent, and had a higher taste. He had lived with poets and great men from his youth, and could exhibit Truth dressed in hernative beauty; but he could also set off the false *déesse* in attractive colours when it answered his purpose to do so. Andrew Stuart's 'Letters' to him on the Douglas cause made a great impression, and will never be forgotten.

"Lord Kenyon's manner was entirely technical: he had no eloquence nor command of language; but he was supposed to have a deep skill in the law, and, having natural acuteness and sagacity, to apply it in most cases accurately.

"Lord Erskine was a perfect contrast to all these. He was a most brilliant, but sometimes a shooting, star. He had every variety of intellect, and was adorned with all beauty of language, all harmony of utterance, and all fire and grace of expression in his countenance and form. As he was of the highest Scottish nobility in blood, so he showed it in all his mien, tone, and manners. The very conflicting brilliance of his numerous superiorities led him into unsteadiness, and often into errors. He sometimes passed too hastily over subjects to have entered deep into them, and thus incurred the charge of superficial talents, when no man was more capable of entering profoundly into an investigation, or had a more sagacious and correct judgment when he chose to give his mind to it; but the meteors that danced before him often led him on too rapidly and too irregularly.

"I must not leave Pepper Arden, Lord Alvanley, out of the group; for his ugly, broken-nosed face, and goggle eyes often made me laugh, and I once was near having the misfortune of swamping him—most unintentionally. It was at Bath, in the early part of the year 1797, when he was Sir Pepper Arden, Knight, and Master of the Rolls into the bargain. I then commanded a troop of Fencible Cavalry; and our colonel, being very justly proud of his regiment, and anxious to show it off in all his manoeuvres, begged his friend, the learned knight, to come and review them on one of the Downs near the city—no doubt because he thought him as good a judge of a regiment and its movements as he was of all the intricacies of a question at law; and his Honour, being a very good-natured man, not at all like Sir Edward Law—then only king's counsel—obeyed the summons. The little man, though I observed him something timorous and fidgety, was placed in front of the battle, and desired to inspect us with the severest scrutiny, for our colonel was sure that he would find nothing but to praise. At length came the

charge: the colonel assured him that he might keep his station, for all was as safe as on his seat in the Rolls Court, and that at the word 'Halt' the whole six troops in a line would stop dead, however loudly and fiercely they should come rattling on towards him. Unluckily the whole were fired with glory, and began to increase their speed, till—being on a blood charger of considerable swiftness—my horse could not bear the clatter behind him, and off he shot beyond my momentary control. His Honour was right before me: he gave a shriek and a groan—I saw his distress, and by one mighty effort brought up my horse, and had the happiness thus to save the life of this eloquent oracle of the law, over whom I must otherwise have gone sword in hand; and what a crush and manglement would then have ensued! The colonel made many apologies, and I got a severe rating. But, lo, what his Honour lived for,—to vote, six years afterwards, against the Chandos claim; of the merits of which, as he had but lately been elevated to the upper house, he knew nothing."

Nor can we omit a graceful portrait of the author's mother:—

"My mother delighted in company; and I used to argue with her from a child in favour of a solitary life, till she sometimes grew angry. She loved conversation and talked well. She had, besides, an easy address, and those manners which won attention. She had none of the offensive haughtiness which, as I have heard, belonged to her father; yet she was not without a sense of her high blood, which now and then she showed by a small degree of over-graciousness. She lived in company to the last; but in her eighty-second year her faculties had been decaying for at least a year or two, and her judgment and clearness of mind were no longer the same. She survived my father twenty-nine years. At her death I was forty-seven years old. Her favourite authors were Pope, Waller, and Young—next to Shakspeare. Young was a friend and fellow-collegian of her father. Of Waller she of course heard from her infancy at Penshurst, where she was born."

We purposely leave the critical parts of this work untouched, assuring our readers, that they will amply repay their perusal. One sentence, however, in which the author accuses the craft, of which he is so distinguished a professor, we cannot pass:—

"It is the tendency of criticism to damage all genuine outbursts of the muse. It is a natural and unequal flow, which will not bear mechanical measure and rule, nor keep within a regular channel; and it is so delicate, that touch it, and its spirit evaporates. It is vain to argue that this ought not to be so, and that it is all whim and humour; you may as well expect the string of a harp to be as tough and hard as a cable-rope. If it is not tremulous it will echo back no notes to the breeze."

The first volume concludes with a biographical notice of Lord Tenterden, with whom the author was long and intimately acquainted. The second is no less rich in matter: almost the first thing in it is a sketch of Mrs. Montagu:—

"She was a woman of brilliant imagination and acquisitions, and lived all her days in the full tide of high life, of which it was her weak vanity to be too fond. Her husband and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's husband were first-cousins. Her mind had had literature infused into it from her childhood by Dr. Conyers Middleton, who was married to her grandmother. She had formed an early friendship with the old Duchess of Portland, the heiress of the Harleys. Her wit and fund of observation, sentiment, and reflection, showed themselves in her letters, from her earliest years: but all her ambition was to

shine amid the highest ranks of society; and this induced her to marry a man of a noble family, splendidly allied,—though many years older than herself.

"She was good-natured, generous, candid, and obliging: but her vanity and love of flattery made her sometimes not quite sincere. No one knew characters better:—she saw a foible in an instant, but she generally forbore to expose it. The fault of her letters is, that she was too ambitious of being witty and rhetorical; so that one is not always sure what were her sincere opinions. There was a littleness in her extreme and ostentatious vanity, very unworthy of her. She was acquainted with all the great literary men of her day, and had her house open to them; but her most intimate friend was George Lord Lyttelton. She had the talent of drawing the characters of those eminent men whom she knew; and it is a subject of deep regret what has become of her best letters; for those published are assuredly the worst. Her correspondence was inexhaustibly voluminous. Some one asking about her nephew, a noble lord of some wit answered:—'He!'—why he is only fit to darn his aunt's blue stockings!'—He is gone to his fathers; and this may now be related as an innocent anecdote."

The rest of her family were likewise gifted, though not so well known as she was. What a contrast to this stately conversational gentlewoman, the friend of Johnson and Burke, must the next lady of whom we have to extract some little, have been,—shrinking, as she did, from the notoriety of authorship, even when it involved acquaintance with the great and gifted.

"I remember Jane Austen, the novelist, a little child: she was very intimate with Mrs. Lefroy, and much encouraged by her. Her mother was a Miss Leigh, whose paternal grandmother was a sister of the first Duke of Chandos. Mr. Austen was of a Kentish family, of which several branches have been settled in the World, and some are still remaining there. When I knew Jane Austen I never suspected that she was an authoress; but my eyes told me that she was fair and handsome, slight and elegant, but with cheeks a little too full. The last time I think that I saw her was at Rumsigate in 1803: perhaps she was then about twenty-seven years old. Even then I did not know that she was addicted to literary composition."

We wish we could know more of the authoress of 'Emma,' and 'Mansfield Park.'

We must make room (were it only for the sake of variety) for two detached passages, full of poetry:—

"The imagination which employs itself in petty decorations, which adds flowers and colours only, is of little value. It must deal in day-dreams, and visions as bright as the heavens. This is the charm of life: man thus clothes himself with wings, and rises into a higher order of existence. Realities, which the sober eye of reason dissects, are but dull things. * * *

"I love the month of August: it is the commencement of the fading year. I have always found a pleasing melancholy in the fall of the leaves, from my early childhood, when I collected them into heaps, and made bowers and huts of them. Thomson has described this melancholy admirably. But why should we like the year's decline? Does not old age come upon us too fast? And why should we like storms and cold better than sunshine and genial warmth? A contemplative mind loves the fireside; and the darkness of winter is a veil which nurses thought."

Another, of graver cast, arrests us by its truth:—

"He who takes the character of jocoseness

seems to assume to himself a superiority over the evils of life: but under his mask of a jester there is often a woeful countenance and a torn heart. We laugh at the absurd lights in which Don Juan places many serious subjects;—but we lay down the poem dissatisfied with ourselves for the momentary pleasure we took in it. And when Byron in his letters affects irony and the *falsetto* of merriment, we revolt from a kind of insincere bravado, and search for those other few letters where his heart breaks out. A feigned hilarity is like a child in the dark, who sings or whistles to frighten away the ghosts."

And with these delightful fragments of criticism we conclude for the present. But we cannot leave the work without praying all who may enter upon the delicate task of writing their own Lives, to imitate the unflinching sincerity of the author before us; but wishing too, and with all our hearts, that few of them may have to chronicle feelings of so dark a hue as have shadowed some of his pages.

Steam Communication between Bombay and Suez; with an Account of the Four Voyages of the Hugh Lindsay Steamer. By J. H. Wilson, Commander I.N. Bombay: American Mission Press.

A Letter to the Right Hon. C. Grant, on Roads in India. By Capt. G. F. Hughes. London: Kidd.

THE apathy with which the great bulk of the nation seemed to regard the mighty empire founded by Englishmen in Hindūstan, was a frequent theme of reproach against us on the continent. It was said, and with some truth, that the English, like every other dynasty that has been established in Asia, made immobility the rule, and improvement the rare exception; that there was no exertion to devise new commercial routes, to facilitate communication between England and India, to connect our Levantine with our Oceanic trade, to multiply the links of union between Europe and Asia. Such reproaches are no longer applicable: a growing desire to take advantage of every facility, both to increase our commerce with the East, and to give our Oriental brethren every opportunity of deriving advantage from their rich and varied natural productions, is, and has been for some time, manifest. It is now generally understood, that benefits conferred on those with whom we are connected, are, in fact, benefits to ourselves; and that measures dictated by jealous selfishness are as adverse to our own interests, as they are contrary to natural justice.

That the route from Bombay to Suez, and thence from the Egyptian coast to England, is much shorter than the voyage round the Cape of Good Hope, is known to every school-boy; but its practicability was more than doubtful, and indeed, until the introduction of steam navigation, the Red Sea presented obstacles that could only be surmounted by a rare combination of favourable circumstances.

But the practicability of navigating the Red Sea by the aid of steam, is now fully proved: the *Hugh Lindsay*, a vessel whose build and arrangements were little suited to such a voyage, has made four trips between

* See Notice of Captain Chesney's Reports on the Navigation of the Euphrates, in *Athenæum*, No. 276; and of Captain C. F. Hens's Eastern and Egyptian Scenery, with Notes, &c. on Steam Navigation to India, in *Athenæum*, No. 231.

Bombay and Suez, and, on one occasion, brought London news to Bombay only fifty-nine days old. Her commander, Captain Wilson, in the first pamphlet before us, has given a brief summary of the four voyages, and added a comprehensive account of the means that experience suggested as the best to be adopted for establishing a regular line of packets. The division of the voyage into stages is his first recommendation, to which we should add, the employment of different steamers in each stage, because the engines would thus suffer less, and because the shape of the vessel best suited to the Indian Ocean is not that best adapted for the Red Sea. The places he recommends for coal depots, after a careful examination of all the harbours available, are Macallah, distant about nine days from Bombay, and Juddah, about six days steaming from Macallah, and, on the average, about five days steaming from Suez. Were Macallah and Juddah made packet stations instead of coal depots, the voyage from Bombay to Suez would be made in about twenty-one days, even allowing some delay for landing passengers at Cosseir: there would consequently be only two stations required; for the supply of coals taken on board at Juddah would be sufficient for the vessel to and from Suez. The next subject investigated by Captain Wilson, is the class of vessels that it would be desirable to employ, and their equipment. A practical acquaintance with the seas they are designed to navigate, is necessary before forming an opinion on this subject, and we should be inclined to recommend an examination of the models of the Arab boats, because experience has generally taught the natives of every country the style of naval architecture best suited to their respective seas.

We come next to consider the second pamphlet before us, which relates to internal communications, a subject perhaps even more important than the external. The roads in India, according to Captain Hughes, are mere cattle-tracks, and he mentions an extraordinary circumstance, which at once proves their badness, and our interest in their improvement:—

"It will be a matter of astonishment to many who peruse it, that by reason of the deficiency of ROADS in the north-western portion of India, (as connecting links between the shipping ports and the interior;) considerable quantities of British piece and other goods, have found their way into the country from Russia through Afghanistan and its conjoined frontier!"

With justifiable pride, Captain Hughes refers to the road over the Bhoré Ghaut, between Panwell and Poonah, constructed under his superintendence, as an example of the benefits to be derived from the construction of good roads. We shall extract the description of this sublime Ghaut, as well as the account of the traffic that now passes over it.

The Bhoré Ghaut

"is formed of a succession of lofty eminences, towering above each other; the last of which, attains a height of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. Its outline at a distance is bold and imposing; it presents a plane or table summit, with ranges of stupendous hills beyond,—with the sublimity of which, Europe possesses little that is analogous. At its foot stands the small and romantic village of Campolee, which has a noble tank appurtenant, and a Hindoo Temple, both built by Nana Furnavese, the Peishwa's

Prime minister, at his individual expense. Entering upon the scene, language can very imperfectly describe the beauty of this mountain—the luxuriant and variegated foliage by which it is clothed: or faithfully contrast that feature with its dark and fearful chasms; its high and impending rocks. Plants of great variety, and rich in colour, and all those graceful and stately trees which adorn an Indian forest, particularly the palm and feathery coco-nut, are scattered over it in gaudy profusion. The views obtained from commanding points in ascending this Ghaut,—particularly from the Durwazu, or Gateway,—are of that order which may be termed the *magnificently picturesque*; commencing, in the fore-ground, with Campoolee, its tank, and temple, and tranquilly unfolding a *riant* and cultivated plain of very considerable extent, watered by the silvery and sinuous course of a mountain stream, that, during the Monsoon, swells into a broad and rapid river.

"This is an exact description of the scene.

"I now hasten to describe the road which has been carried over this Ghaut; which has had the effect of changing the mode of transport between Panwell and Poonah (a distance of 70 miles), from the back of a bullock and shoulders of a man, to a four-wheeled waggon; of reducing the hire of conveyance to at least *one-half*; of abridging the time occupied by *one-third*; and, lastly, (no trifling consideration,) of drawing to the purse of Government a revenue of 40,000 rupees per annum. Already there is a surprising increase in the number of carts in Panwell; from 50 or 60 they amount to upwards of 300, within the short interval of two years! One habit of industry begets another."

The chief object of our author is, to recommend the completion of a great line of road between Calcutta and Bombay. Such a work would require an enormous outlay, but it would certainly be found a profitable investment for capital, if light tolls were levied on conveyances: it would, perhaps, be too great an undertaking for individual enterprise, or even for the government; but a company, whose property would be placed under government protection, might, at the same time, enrich itself, and confer great benefits on one hundred millions of people.

We deem, that the road from Bombay to Calcutta would be preferable to the plan recently proposed, of making the island of Socotra, at the mouth of the Nile, a common depot for steamers from Bombay and Bengal: it would be scarcely more expensive, it would be more profitable to the proprietors, and it would be infinitely more beneficial to the natives of India. The island of Socotra has little to recommend it but position,—it is thinly inhabited, very unproductive, and of its two harbours, one is inconvenient, and the other, from its situation, unsafe, during the season that steamers would be running. It seems to us, that the expense of the establishment at Socotra would not be very far under the expense of the road from Calcutta to Bombay. If time be taken into account, a glance at the map will show that, were there good lines of communication, the intercourse between Bombay and Calcutta might be managed in six or seven days, that is, before the Bengal steamer could possibly have rounded Cape Comorin. There is, however, an obvious advantage in the plan of having a steamer from Calcutta, over that which we propose—Madras and Ceylon would have a share in the benefits resulting from the accelerated communication with England; but this defect in our plan would

be remedied by establishing a steam communication between Calcutta and Madras, which would have the additional recommendation of improving the coasting trade of the Carnatic.

Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créqui, 1710 à 1800—[*Recollections of the Marchioness of Créqui from 1710 to 1800*]. Paris: Fournier Jeune; London, Dulau.

THE *Quarterly Review*, just published, has settled all questions about the authenticity of this work. The truth is, and it is notorious enough in Paris, that not one in a dozen of these modern *Memoirs* are authentic; those of Cardinal Dubois, Madame Dubarry, the Duke de Richelieu, Robespierre, Louis XVIII., (see *Athenæum*, No. 265,) were all mere manufactures. But the writers in the *Quarterly* delight in the exposure of these little trading iniquities; and, to do them justice, when they get hold of such a subject, they fairly worry the life out of it. Such exposures are wholesome and serviceable; but it is not a fair inference, that because a work is not what it professes to be, therefore it is valueless; some of the class have been compiled with great skill and care, and are curious and interesting, if considered merely, as in truth they are, as historical romances. The *Quarterly* went to work after the same fashion with Sir Edward Seward's Narrative; but that work has kept, and will keep, its popularity notwithstanding; and the references to official documents, the South Sea House, the Admiralty, and so forth, in proof that it could not be true, was the strongest possible evidence how true it was to nature. This argument need not be pushed further, although it is manifestly of universal application; for if the contrary opinion be received, then Defoe's whole literary life was but a succession of frauds and forgeries, and the 'Memoirs of a Cavalier,' the 'History of the Plague,' the 'Life of Colonel Jack,' and even 'Robinson Crusoe,' are all utterly worthless.

It is with these feelings that we turn to the consideration of the work before us. We assume that there is not a particle of historical truth from beginning to end; although we incline to believe that on this, as on many other occasions, the compiler has had opportunities of referring to original papers, letters, and documents, which have often served him as the basis of particular incidents and characters.

These memoirs then profess to give us the recollections of a woman of high rank, who was presented, in her youth, to Louis XIV., the Grand Monarque, and in her old age to Napoleon Bonaparte, first consul of the French republic, and who therefore lived and observed through all the profligacy of the regency, and the horrors of the revolution. The pictures of life in the early part of the eighteenth century are vivid and graphic; and its solemn and minute trifling, its political and diplomatic formalities, its established etiquette, and the regular ceremonial of private and even of domestic manners, its hoop petticoats, swords, and bag wigs, act upon our minds, heated and excited as they are to contempt of all forms, by the mighty interests, the restless activity, the incessant innovation and revolution of this current nineteenth century, with something of the re-

freshing coolness of an artificial fountain, or a glass of ice cream. The writer is an ultra-aristocrat of course, or rather a feudalist, with a hearty contempt of the Jansenists, and a becoming hatred of the Encyclopédique philosophers. We shall give a lively sketch or two of the social condition of past times, as displayed in her narrative.

The Marchioness, according to her own account, was placed for education with her aunt, the Abbess of Montivilliers, a lady who, in virtue of her office, had immense signorial possessions and judicial rights. Here is a bandit adventure, not indeed altogether new, and a convent scene:—

The lay-sister portresses, who lived without the conventual inclosure, had allowed a poor beggar to sleep in a kind of casemate, under the lofty archway, by which the outer court of the Abbey was entered. This beggar was a wretched man without legs or arms; a woman, like himself a stranger, but young, and said to be rather pretty, fetched him away every morning upon a sort of barrow, and placed him at the side of the high-road, to ask charity of all who passed by. The Abbey bread, broth, and cider were given them, but these they seldom consumed.

Two murders had lately been committed upon this same road; the researches made by the Abbess's officers of justice had proved unsuccessful, and the whole country was in alarm. Proclamations were issued, general processions were made, and public prayers were solicited of the Abbess. The Norman peasantry have not their equal for dread of robbers, and reluctance to incur their ill-will. * * * My aunt received a letter from the Procureur-General of Normandy, warning her to be upon her guard, a plot having been discovered against either the strong box or the sacristy of the convent. The Intendant of Rouen sent us a brigade of *Maréchaussée*, (the gens d'armes of those days,) to protect us, which proved very unlucky; for Madlle. d'Houdetot (a boarder,) falling in love with the brigadier, was sent home to her family, where, as we were told, she received some sharp chastisement from her father's cane.

One autumn evening ten o'clock struck, and the beggar without legs and arms was not come in. It was supposed that the woman who took care of him had neglected to bring him to his lair. The portresses charitably waited for him till half-past ten, when the sister Cellarist seeing, she sent for the keys, that she might carry them, according to custom, to the mother-Prioress, who always deposited them carefully under her own pillow. Strange tidings, however, were brought her instead of the expected keys. A wealthy and able-bodied farmer had just been attacked upon the high-road: he had knocked down one of the assassins, whom the *Maréchaussée* had brought, with his accomplice, to the Abbey gates; they required that the door of the prison should be opened, that they might safely lodge their captives there; and permission was requested for the farmer to pass the night in the outer court, lest he should fall into the hands of the rest of the band. Madame, the Prioress, made answer, "It is too late." The Lady Abbess was then awakened, and she ordered every door, specified by the Brigadier, and without the conventual inclosure, to be opened. But the old Benedictine (the Prioress) was obstinate, and my aunt was obliged to go in person and take from her the keys, which she would give up to no one else. An Abbess of Montivilliers is not restricted to absolute seclusion; and my aunt, who was the most charitable as well as the most courageous woman upon

* The name of the store-keeper in convents of either sex.

earth, thought it proper to go forth into the outer court, but with a train befitting her dignity. She was preceded by her cross-bearer, between two attendants carrying wax candles; she was followed by twelve assistant nuns, with their veils down, and their hands crossed upon their bosoms; lastly, all the lay-sisters of the convent, in their grey hoods, with their torches blazing in glass lanterns painted with the Abbey arms, were ranged around their ladies. I have never seen in our new romances anything so romantic—above all, so picturesque—as this nocturnal scene.

Mad. de Montvilliers ordered the prison doors to be opened. She gave shelter and cordials to the brave farmer; she desired her surgeon to examine the wounded person, who proved to be a man in woman's clothes. It then appeared that his accomplice was that infernal beggar, who had been sheltered under the Abbey gateway, and was now before us, upon a hard-barrow, awaiting his well-merited fate. He seemed the torso of a giant, deprived of all his limbs, except the stump of one arm. His head was disproportionately large. His skin was all over wounds and mud; the rags that covered him were stained with blood and filth; even his shock of hair and stubborn beard were so plastered; and amidst all those nuns, those consecrated torches, and feudal transparencies, glared the murderer's eyes—two of the most atrocious, deadly, greenish eyes, ever dreamed of in the nightmare. When she had arranged everything with admirable method, judgment, and presence of mind, Madame de Montvilliers raised her veil, and all present knelt down to receive her blessing. As I had secretly insinuated myself amongst the assistant nuns, I was punished by a three days' confinement in a distant cell, where I heard nothing more of our robbers.

The end of the story is, that the younger murderer died of the farmer's blows, and the torso was put to death, but, from the strength of his bones it was found difficult to kill him in the regular way, by crushing the chest; and during the operation he bit off, chewed, and swallowed two joints of the executioner's finger, taunting him with his awkwardness, and averring that he had been broken on the wheel before.

The following extract well illustrates the exquisite admixture of superstition with infidelity, in some of the self-entitled philosophers of France, at least in some of the most celebrated of their fair disciples, and the absurd prejudices, the insulting oppressions common in those days. It must be observed, preliminarily, that Madame de Crequi did not wait for the established age to addict herself to devotion, but is described as from her youth to have been professedly pious, or what is now, and in this country, commonly termed serious.

Madame de Marsan, (the widow of one of the Princes of Lorraine,) with whom I often made snug little devotional parties, took me one day to drink the water of St. Genevieve's well, at Nanterre, during the festival of her patron saint, her name being Genevieve. Off we went in her gilded vis-a-vis, half saying paternosters, half amusing ourselves with our pilgrimage: she assuring me that it was wrong to wipe the iron cup, from which the water was drank, which was chained to the fountain, and held a good half-pint, which must be drank to the last drop; I rebelling against these two ordinances. But the good Princess observed, that we must not scandalize the simple-minded, and I promised to be ruled by her experience.

I must tell you that this water was deemed sovereign for the eyes, and nothing was matter with ours. When we came in sight of the fountain, it was surrounded by such a crowd

of country people, that to get near it was out of the question. We alighted from our carriage, and waited, at a distance, with exemplary modesty.

Whom, think you, did we see arrive to perform the usual devotions? Madame du Deffand, who believed in nothing, and for whom a passage was forced by the Chevalier de Pont-de-Vesle, (her known paramour,) assisted by several footmen. She was even then almost blind, and her Cavalier did not see much better than herself; so that for them this *oculi-pharmaceutic* draught, as old Lenoe called it, was not, as for us, a mere measure of precaution. We had the satisfaction of seeing each of these philosophers swallow, with scrupulous precision, a full cup of this sacred water! We readily supposed that they would not boast of this feat in their philosophic society, and we likewise determined not to mention it, that we might not give occasion to jests upon an act of devotion, and, above all, to prevent certain remarks upon these strange pilgrims, the idea of which excessively alarmed Madame de Marsan's charity.

In vain did I assure her that in point of esteem and personal respectability, Madame du Deffand had nothing to lose, and that her intimacy with Pont-de-Vesle had long been matter of scandal. She answered, "It might prevent their ever making another pilgrimage, or setting foot in a church"; and we faithfully kept the secret. * * *

Meanwhile Madame de Marsan's servants, who wore the livery of Lorraine and of Jerusalem, were confounded at our humility, and shocked to see us, as they supposed, wronged and oppressed by Madame du Deffand; the Princess's chief footman coming forward, proposed to force a way for us also through the crowd, that we might the sooner reach the iron cup; but we replied that we had not, like those good folks, urgent business in our households or vineyards, and we, therefore, forbade their being disturbed.

This deeply wounded the vanity of our servants, and almost provoked them to revolt. Besides, I must tell you, by way of episode, that Madame de Marsan's coachman, who had driven us, was exasperated against me, and here is the reason. He had sought my service, and I asked who he had lived with; he answered—"With Monseigneur the Abbé Duc de Biron, Madame, but he is gone to heaven." "If he went to heaven," said I, "he will not have stayed there long." This offended the coachman, who looked at me wrathfully, and told me he was a gentleman born, as were most of the servants at the Hôtel Biron. I answered that the Crequi livery was no more a degradation to a gentleman, than that of the Gontants, and bade him go to my steward, and settle about his wages.

"But," said he, "before I engage myself, I should like to know from Madame, to whom Madame gives way." "To everybody!—except at Versailles, I give way to everybody." "How? would Madame order her body-coachman to give precedence to Presidents in the streets of Paris?" "Certainly; and the rather that I sup in their part of the town every Thursday." "But surely Madame would not give way to the wives of Financiers; and if the equipage of a Financier presumed to contend with hers, she would surely authorize her coachman to cut the faces of the upstarts to pieces with his whip?" "Oh, Financiers ought to understand liversies; but at any rate, master coachman, I do not choose, for the sake of battling with mere nobodies in the streets of Paris, to risk breaking my carriages, hurting my servants, or laming my horses." "To be sure, Madame has only a dozen of horses?—(She was a widow when the coachman thus disdained the paltry meanness of her stable appointments.)—Moreover, I am accustomed to give precedence to none but Princes

of the blood, so that I could not possibly suit Madame!" He was off in a rage. Madame de Marsan had since taken him into her service, to the full satisfaction of both parties; and he it was who now drove us, and urged our footmen to rebellion, saying that we had assuredly plotted the degradation and mortification of all those wearers of livery, whose masters enjoyed the honours of the Louvre.

This last is an admirable anecdote, and if its truth were sworn to in our courts of law, it could not better illustrate the strange contradictions of that age, in which there was, as it were, a perpetual war going on between the past and the future.

The Bishoprick Garland; or, a Collection of Legends, Songs, Ballads, &c. belonging to the county of Durham. London: Nichols.

THIS is a small book, at which many will smile, but which many will read with pleasure, and we confess ourselves to be among the latter class. It is, literally, a collection of all the old sayings, the old traditions, the old ballads, and the old tunes of the county of Durham, and to those who have heard these sayings repeated in their childhood, or who have been lulled in infancy by these rude songs and old world melodies, the book will be a delightful one. Even to us they possess interest, for whatever makes us acquainted with the peculiar superstitions of our forefathers adds a more vivid colouring to the picture we have formed of them in our mind. It is to be lamented, that of the store of ballads which our forefathers possessed, so few should have been handed down to us; what a harvest might not earlier antiquaries have obtained. The same may be said of legends, and we are happy to find so much attention in the present day paid, even by county historians, to these interesting fragments of local history, which have been so frequently found to illustrate ancient manners and customs, and, in some instances, even obscure points of history. As the work before us is printed for a very limited circulation, we shall offer to our readers the following legend relating to the family of Lord Durham, and called 'The Worme of Lambton,' which, the industrious compiler assures us, "has been gleaned with much patient and laborious investigation, from the *vivâ voce* narratives of sundry of the elders, of both sexes, living on the banks of the Wear." It is certainly the best version we have yet met with, of a tradition that bears strongly the mark of antiquity.

The young heir of Lambton led a dissolute and evil course of life, equally regardless of the obligations of his high estate and the sacred duties of religion. According to his profane custom, he generally amused himself on Sundays by fishing, and was frequently to be seen angling in the River Wear, at the time when all good men should have been engaged in the solemn observance of the day.

After having toiled in vain for some time, he vented his disappointment at his ill success, in curses 'loud and deep,' to the great scandal of all who heard him, on their way to Holy Mass, and to the manifest peril of his own soul.

At length he felt something extraordinary 'tugging' at the end of his line, and in the hope of hooking a large fish, he exerted the utmost skill and care: yet it required all his strength to bring the expected fish to land.

But what was his surprise and mortification,

when, instead of a fish, he found that he had only caught a worm of most unseemly and disgusting appearance, and he hastily tore it from his hook and flung it into a well hard by.

"He again threw his line into the stream: when a stranger, of venerable appearance, passing by, asked 'what sport?' To which he replied, 'Why, truly, I think I have caught the Devil,' and directed the enquirer to look into the well.

"The stranger saw the worm, and remarked that he had never seen 'the like of it' before—that it was like an eft; but that it had nine holes on each side of its mouth, and that it 'tokened no good.'

"The worm remained 'unheeded' in the well, but soon grew so large that it became necessary to seek another abode. It usually lay in the day-time 'coiled' round a rock in the middle of the river, and at night frequented a neighbouring hill, 'twining' itself around the base; and it continued to increase in length until it could 'lap' itself three times round the hill.

"The dreaded worm now became the terror of the 'whole country side,' devouring lambs, 'sucking' the cows' milk, and committing every species of injury on the cattle of the affrighted peasantry, and many a knight sought in vain to destroy it.

"At length, after seven long years, the gallant heir of Lambton returned from the wars, and found the broad lands of his ancestors 'waste and desolate.' He heard the 'wailings' of the people; for their hearts were filled with fear and alarm. He hastened to the hall of his ancestors, and received the embraces of his aged father, who, worn out with grief and sorrow, both for the absence of his son (whom he had long considered dead), and for the dreadful waste inflicted on his fair domain by the devastations of the worm, was rapidly descending to the grave.

"The heir of Lambton 'took no rest' until he crossed the river to examine the worm, 'as it lay' coiled around the base of the hill; and after hearing the fate of all those who had fallen in the deadly strife, (being a Knight of tried valour and sound discretion,) he consulted a Sibyl on the surest means to destroy the monster.

"She told him that he had 'himself' been the cause of all the misery which 'afflicted' the country; (which increased his grief, and strengthened his resolution;) that he must have his best suit of mail studded with spear blades, and take his stand on the rock in the middle of the river, trusting to his own valour and the might of his good sword; making a solemn vow, that if successful, he would slay the first living thing he met, but, if he failed to do so, the Lords of Lambton, for nine generations, would never die in their beds.

"He made the vow in the chapel of his forefathers, and caused his armour to be studded with the blades of the sharpest spears. He took his stand on the rock in the middle of the river, and unsheathing his trusty sword, which had never failed him in time of need, he commended himself to the protection, and to the will of Providence.

"At the accustomed hour, the worm uncoiled its lengthened folds, and leaving the hill, took its usual course towards Lambton Hall, and approached the rock where the Knight stood ready and eager for the combat. . . .

"The strength of the worm diminished with its incessant efforts to destroy the Knight; who, seizing a favourable opportunity, made such good use of his trusty sword that he cut the monster in two: the severed part was immediately carried away by the force of the current, and the worm being thus unable to re-unite itself, was, after a long and desperate conflict,

finally destroyed by the gallantry and courage of the Knight of Lambton.

"The afflicted household were devoutly engaged in prayer during this mortal encounter; but on the happy issue of the combat, the Knight, according to promise, blew a blast on his bugle, to assure his father of his safety, and that he might let loose his favourite hound, which, according to pre-concerted agreement, was to be the sacrifice: but, the aged parent, forgetting everything but his parental feelings, rushed forward to embrace his son.

"When the Knight beheld his father, he was overwhelmed with grief; he could not raise his arm against his parent, yet, vainly hoping that his vow might be accomplished, and the curse averted, by destroying the next living thing he met, he blew another blast on his bugle, when his favourite hound broke loose, and bounded forward to receive his caresses. The gallant Knight, with 'grief and reluctance,' once more drew his sword, still reeking with the gore of the monster, and plunged it into the heart of his faithful companion. But in vain:—the prediction was fulfilled, and the Sibyl's curse pressed heavily on the house of Lambton 'for nine generations.'"

We must add to this how the prediction was traditionally confirmed:—

"The precise date of the story is of course uncertain. It is stated by some that the heir of Lambton had gone to the Holy Wars; and there are circumstances preserved in the narrative difficult to reconcile, and which are evidently the interpolations of modern times. Popular tradition, though in general true in the main, is seldom correct in details, and the precise time when the event happened which gave birth to the Legend, must be dated much earlier than the period assigned. Be this as it may, nine ascending generations from Henry Lambton, of Lambton, Esq. M.P., (elder brother to the late General Lambton) would exactly reach to Sir John Lambton, Knight of Rhodes—and the popular tradition holds, that none of the Lords of Lambton during the period of the 'curse' ever died in their beds. Sir William Lambton, who was Colonel of a regiment of foot, in the service of Charles I., was slain at the bloody battle of Marston Moor, and his son William (his eldest son by his second wife) inheriting the loyalty and gallantry of his father, 'received his death's wound at Wakefield,' at the head of a troop of dragoons, in 1643. The fulfilment of the curse was inherent in the ninth of descent, as above stated, and great anxiety prevailed during his lifetime, amongst the hereditary depositaries of the traditions of the county to know if the curse would 'hold good to the end.' He died in his chariot, crossing the New Bridge—thus giving the last connecting link to the chain of circumstantial tradition connected with the history of the Worme of Lambton."

A Vision of Fair Spirits, and other Poems.

By John Graham, of Wadham College.
London: T. & W. Boone.

EVERY one who has the divine spirit of poetry in his heart has "dreamed dreams"—has been visited by a thousand changeful and beautiful fancies, not to be fully expressed in language, and has explored shadowy worlds, utterly unknown to the patient or profuse verse-wright, who sits beating his brains for a rhyme, or pouring out his smooth stream of insipid ode or ballad, without the remotest idea that such fair lands exist. Mr. Graham does not belong to the latter class, the pernicious influence of whose feeble industry upon our literature, we have so often had to deplore: he has a rich imagination, considerable command of language, much music

of versification, and much less affectation than many who have stepped into Fairyland. His first poem, 'A Vision of Fair Spirits,' is merely a succession of fragments, scarcely linked together, and concluded most abruptly. We have our doubts whether it is wise in so young an author to begin his career by presenting the world with sketches; but that they are full of elegance and fancy, we proceed to show. Our extracts will, from the nature of the poem, be unconnected with each other.

Venus rising from the Sea.

Queen of the heart! how warm the am'rous wave
Enfolds each beauty with its crystal shrine!
How calm the wind, with passion wont to rave,
Melts into music 'neath one glance of thine!
How soft the light from ev'ry jewel'd cave
Sleeps on the bosom of the sleepless brine!
Where each rous'd billow of the wanton tide
Spreads its bold arm to clasp the ocean bride.
Her rubied lip, unknowing how to speak,
Yet beams all eloquent with beauty's smile;
Her dark hair gathers o'er each burning cheek,
Like storm clouds black'ning o'er some rosy isle.
From the white foam upraised, her whiter neck
Gleams like the silver Letos of the Nile—
And still the mad wave knows not how to sever
From that fair shape it cannot clasp for ever.

The Faun.

Is it the Faun who wakes with airy tread
His vesper greeting to night's drowsy ear?
No earthly minstrel, such the poet's creed,
No mortal lip, I ween, is breathing here.
Now borne afar the dying notes recede,
Now from the grove float eloquently near,
Like some unquiet bird, whose restless wing
Flits to and fro, for ever wandering.

Invocation to Fairies.

Rob'd in the silken gossamer that flows,
Woven in lustre from your elfin loom!
Couch'd in the ruby chambers of the rose,
Fed by its dew, and curtain'd by its bloom!
Hither, ye elves! the sunbeam fainter glows,
And the lov'd twilight gathers with its gloom—
Fly from the grassy mount's untrodden brow,
Drop from the scented blossom of the bough.
Steal from the lily's dew-bespangled bell,
That rings its fairy curfew to the night—
Haste from the lowly v'lets hidden cell,
Whose beauty shrinketh widow-like from sight—
Creep from the quaint snail's deserted shell,
Come from the cowslips' golden halls of light—
Wake from each blossom of the apple tree,
That opes its bright pavilion to the bee.
Man's waking hour hath pass'd, and holy sleep
Sits on his throbbless temples, like a crown
Fresh pluck'd from Lethe's garden of the deep,
Briefly to chain each master passion down.
Nought reck's the slumberer now of eyes that weep,
Of lips that threaten, and of brows that frown;
No more his curses climb the dark'ning sky
In wrath—the pure air burns not with his sigh.
Then come, if e'er your lightly-falling feet
Hare call'd soft echoes from the hollow dell—
If e'er the music of the breeze was sweet,
That lulls the folding flower-leaf with its spell—
If e'er with answering voice ye lov'd to greet
The lute-like plaint of widow'd Philomel—
If e'er the weeping bough its tear-drops threw
To deck your fairy coronet with dew.

The Vision is followed by three or four prize poems, one of which was printed in *Blackwood*, and sundry miscellaneous verses: in all, power and fancy are discernible.

Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal.

In a Series of Letters written during a Residence in those Countries. By William Beckford, Author of 'Vathek.' 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley.

It is more than fifty years since 'Vathek' was written and published; and, after receiving the congratulations of his friends and contemporaries—a foregone generation—the writer yet lives to hear their children's children acknowledge the power of his genius, and the splendour of his imagination. To add to our astonishment, Mr. Beckford, satiated as it were with early fame, has not for fifty years, so far as we know, written a

single volume, or a single line, and yet we are called on at this last hour of his protracted life, to sit in judgment on a new work—but new, we believe, only to the public, for it has long been generally rumoured that an account of his travels was, at the time, written, and even privately printed. We received the sheets of these forthcoming volumes just as we were preparing to go to press; but, knowing how anxiously our readers would desire to get even a glimpse of the work, we have stolen five minutes from required rest to dip into it, and have torn away a few fragmentary passages just as we chanced to alight on them.

Ostend.—"We had a rough passage, and arrived at this imperial haven in a piteous condition. Notwithstanding its renown and importance, it is but a scurvy place—preposterous Flemish roofs disgust your eyes when cast upwards—swaggering Dutch skippers and mongrel smugglers are the principal objects they meet with below; and then the whole atmosphere is impregnated with the fumes of tobacco, burnt peat, and garlick. I should esteem myself in luck, were the nuisances of this seaport confined only to two senses; but, alas! the apartment above my head proves a squalling brattery, and the sounds which proceed from it are so loud and frequent, that a person might think himself in limbo, without any extravagance."

Dusseldorf Gallery.—"This collection is displayed in five large galleries, and contains some valuable productions of the Italian school; but the room most boasted of is that which Rubens has filled with no less than three enormous representations of the last day, where an innumerable host of sinners are exhibited as striving in vain to avoid the tangles of the devil's tail. The woes of several fat luxurious souls are rendered in the highest gusto. Satan's dispute with some brawny concubines, whom he is lugging off in spite of all their resistance, cannot be too much admired by those who approve this class of subjects, and think such strange embroglios in the least calculated to raise a sublime or a religious idea.

"For my own part, I turned from them with disgust, and hastened to contemplate a holy family by Camillo Procaccini, in another apartment. The brightest imagination can never conceive any figure more graceful than that of the young Jesus; and if ever I beheld an inspired countenance or celestial features, it was here: but to attempt conveying in words what the pencil alone can express, would be only reversing the absurdity of many a master in the gallery who aims to represent those ideas by the pencil which language alone is able to describe. Should you admit this opinion, you will not be surprised at my passing such a multitude of renowned pictures unnoticed; nor at my bringing you out of the cabinet without deluging ten pages with criticisms in the style of the ingenious Lady Miller."

Cologne.—"The shrine of the three Kings.—"Clouds of dust hindered my making any remarks on the exterior of this celebrated city; but if its appearance be not more beautiful from without than within, I defy the most courteous compiler of geographical dictionaries to launch forth very warmly in its praise. But of what avail are stately palaces, broad streets, or airy markets, to a town which can boast of such a treasure as the bodies of those three wise sovereigns who were star-led to Bethlehem? Is not this circumstance enough to procure it every kind of respect? I really believe so, from the pious and dignified contentment of its inhabitants. They care not a hair of an ass's ear whether their houses be gloomy and ill-contrived, their pavements overgrown with weeds, and their shops half choked up with filthiness, provided

the carcasses of Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar might be preserved with proper decorum. Nothing, to be sure, can be richer than the shrine which contains these precious relics. I paid my devotions before it the moment I arrived; this step was inevitable: had I omitted it, not a soul in Cologne but would have cursed me for a Pagan.

"Do you not wonder at hearing of these venerable bodies so far from their native country? I thought them snug under some Arabian cupola ten feet deep in spice; but who can tell what is to become of one a few ages hence? Who knows but the Emperor of Morocco may be canonized some future day in Lapland? I asked, of course, how in the name of miracles they came hither? but found no story of a supernatural conveyance. It seems that great collectress of relics, the holy Empress Helena, first routed them out: then they were packed off to Rome. King Alaric, having no grace, bundled them down to Milan; where they remained till it pleased Heaven to inspire an ancient archbishop with the fervent wish of depositing them at Cologne; there these skeletons were taken into the most special consideration, crowned with jewels and filigreed with gold. Never were skulls more elegantly mounted; and I doubt whether Odin's buffet could exhibit so fine an assortment. The chapel containing these beatified bones is placed in a dark extremity of the cathedral. Several golden lamps gleam along the polished marbles with which it is adorned, and afford just light enough to read the following monkish inscription:

*Corpora sanctorum recubant hic terna magorum:
Ex his sublatum nihil est alibi locatum.*

"After I had satisfied my curiosity with respect to the peregrinations of the consecrated skeletons, I examined their shrine; and was rather surprised to find it not only enriched with barbaric gold and pearl, but covered with cameos and intaglios of the best antique sculpture. Many an impious emperor and gross Silenus, many a wanton nymph and frantic bacchanal, figure in the same range with the statues of saints and evangelists. How St. Helena could tolerate such a mixed assembly (for the shrine, they say, was formed under her auspices) surpasses my comprehension. Perhaps you will say, it is no great matter; and give me a hint to move out of the chapel, lest the three kings and their star should lead me quite out of my way."

Road from Ems to Manheim in 1781.—"Things were in this state, when the orator who had harangued so brilliantly on the folly of ascending mountains, bounced into the room, and regulated my ears with a woeful narration of murders which had happened the other day on the precise road I was to follow the next morning.

"Sir," said he, "your route is, to be sure, very perilous; on the left you have a chasm, down which, should your horses take the smallest alarm, you are infallibly precipitated; to the right hangs an impervious wood, and there, sir, I can assure you, are wolves enough to devour a regiment; a little farther on, you cross a desolate tract of forest land, the roads so deep and broken, that if you go ten paces in as many minutes you may think yourself fortunate. There lurk the most savage banditti in Europe, lately irritated by the Prince of Orange's proscription; and so desperate, that if they make an attack, you can expect no mercy. Should you venture through this hazardous district to-morrow, you will, in all probability, meet a company of people who have just left the town to search for the mangled bodies of their relations; but, for Heaven's sake, sir, if you value your life, do not suffer an idle curiosity to lead you over such dangerous regions, however picturesque their appearance."

"It was almost nine o'clock before my kind adviser ceased inspiring me with terrors; then,

finding myself at liberty, I retired to bed, not under the most agreeable impressions.

"Early in the morning we set forward; and proceeding along the edge of the precipices I had been forewarned of, journeyed through the forest which had so recently been the scene of murders and depredations. At length, after winding several hours amongst its dreary avenues, we emerged into open daylight. A few minutes more brought us safe to the village of Wiesbaden, where we slept in peace and tranquillity."

Pacchierotti the Singer.—"Sometimes Pacchierotti accompanies me in my excursions, to the utter discontent of the Lucchese, who swear I shall ruin their Opera, by leading him such extravagant rambles amongst the mountains, and exposing him to the inclemency of winds and showers. One day they made a vehement remonstrance, but in vain; for the next, away we trotted over hill and dale, and stayed so late in the evening, that a cold and hoarseness were the consequence.

"The whole republic was thrown into commotion, and some of its prime ministers were deputed to harangue Pacchierotti upon the rides he had committed. Had the safety of their mighty state depended upon this imprudent excursion, they could not have vociferated with greater violence. You know I am rather energetic, and, to say truth, I had very nearly got into a scrape of importance, and drawn down the execrations of the Gonfalonieri and all his council upon my head by openly declaring our intention of taking, next morning, another ride over the rocks, and absolutely losing ourselves in the clouds which veil their acclivities. These terrible threats were put into execution, and yesterday we made a tour of about thirty miles upon the high lands, and visited a variety of castles and palaces."

A Scene at Naples.—"The shrubby, variegated shore of Posilipo drew my attention to the opposite side of the bay. It was on those very rocks, under those tall pines, Sannazaro was wont to sit by moonlight, or at peep of dawn, composing his marine eclogues. It is there he still sleeps; and I wished to have gone immediately and strewed coral over his tomb, but I was obliged to check my impatience, and hurry to the palace in form and gala.

"A courtly mob had got thither upon the same errand, daubed over with lace and most notably be-periwigged. Nothing but bows and salutations were going forward on the staircase, one of the largest I ever beheld, and which a multitude of prelates and friars were ascending with awkward pomposity. I jostled along to the presence chamber, where his Majesty was dining alone in a circular enclosure of fine clothes and smirking faces. The moment he had finished, twenty long necks were poked forth, and it was a glorious struggle amongst some of the most decorated who first should kiss his hand, the great business of the day. Every body pressed forward to the best of their abilities. His Majesty seemed to eye nothing but the end of his nose, which is doubtless a capital object.

"Though people have imagined him a weak monarch, I beg leave to differ in opinion, since he has the boldness to prolong his childhood and be happy, in spite of years and conviction. Give him a boar to stab, and a pigeon to shoot at, a battledore and an angling rod, and he is better contented than Solomon in all his glory, and will never discover, like that sapient sovereign, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

"His courtiers in general have rather a barbaric appearance, and differ little in the character of their physiognomies from the most savage nations. I should have taken them for Calmucks or Samoeds, had it not been for their dresses and European finery.

"You may suppose I was not sorry, after my

presentation was over, to return to Sir W. H.'s, where an interesting group of lovely women, litterati and artists, were assembled—Gagliani and Cyrillo, Aprile, Milico, and Deamicis—the determined Santo Marco, and the more nymph-like modest-looking, though not less dangerous, Belmonte. Gagliani happened to be in full story, and vied with his countryman Polichinello, not only in gesticulation and loquacity, but in the excessive licentiousness of his narrations. He was proceeding beyond all bounds of decency and decorum, at least according to English notions, when Lady H. sat down to the pianoforte. Her plaintive modulations breathed a far different language. No performer that ever I heard produced such soothing effects; they seemed the emanations of a pure, uncontaminated mind, at peace with itself and benevolently desirous of diffusing that happy tranquillity around it;—these were modes a Grecian legislature would have encouraged to further the triumph over vice of the most amiable virtue.

"The evening was passing swiftly away, and I had almost forgotten there was a grand illumination at the theatre of St. Carlo. After traversing a number of dark streets, we suddenly entered this enormous edifice, whose seven rows of boxes one above the other blazed with tapers. I never beheld such lofty walls of light, nor so pompous a decoration as covered the stage. Marchesi was singing in the midst of all these splendours some of the poorest music imaginable, with the clearest and most triumphant voice, perhaps, in the universe.

"It was some time before I could look to any purpose around me, or discover what animals inhabited this glittering world: such was its size and glare. At last I perceived vast numbers of swarthy ill-favoured beings, in gold and silver raiment, peeping out of their boxes. The court being present, a tolerable silence was maintained; but the moment his Majesty withdrew (which great event took place at the beginning of the second act) every tongue broke loose, and nothing but buzz and hubbub filled up the rest of the entertainment."

Climate of Portugal.—"It is in vain I call upon clouds to cover me and fogs to wrap me up. You can form no adequate idea of the continual glare of this renowned climate. Lisbon is the place in the world best calculated to make one cry out

Hide me from day's garish eye;

but where to hide is not so easy. Here are no thickets of pine as in the classic Italian villas, none of those quivering poplars and leafy chestnuts which cover the plains of Lombardy. The groves in the immediate environs of this capital are composed of—with, alas! but few exceptions—dwarfish orange-trees and cinder-coloured olives. Under their branches repose neither shepherds nor shepherdesses, but whitening bones, scraps of leather, broken pantiles, and passengers not unfrequently attended by monkeys, who, I have been told, are let out for the purpose of picking up a livelihood. Those who cannot afford this apish luxury, have their bushy poles untenanted by affectionate relations, for yesterday just under my window I saw two blessed babies rendering this good office to their aged parent."

Consecration of a Bishop.—Valley of Alcantara, and Aqueeduct.—"We went by special invitation to the royal Convent of the Necessidades, belonging to the Oratorians, to see the ceremony of consecrating a father of that order Bishop of Algarve, and were placed fronting the altar in a gallery crowded with important personages in shining raiment, the relations of the new prelate. The floor being spread with rich Persian carpets and velvet cushions, it was pretty good kneeling; but, notwithstanding this comfortable accommodation, I thought the ceremony would never finish. There was a mighty glitter of

crosses, censers, mitres, and croziers, continually in motion, as several bishops assisted in all their pomp.

"The music, which was extremely simple and pathetic, appeared to affect the grantees in my neighbourhood very profoundly, for they put on woful contrite countenances, thumped their breasts, and seemed to think themselves, as most of them are, miserable sinners. Feeling oppressed by the heat and the sermon, I made my retreat slyly and silently from the splendid gallery, and passed through some narrow corridors, as warm as flues, into the garden.

"But this was only exchanging one scene of formality and closeness for another. I panted after air, and to obtain that blessing escaped through a little narrow door into the wild free valley of Alcantara. Here all was solitude and humming of bees, and fresh gales blowing from the entrance of the Tagus over the tufted tops of orange gardens. The refreshing sound of water-wheels seemed to give me new life.

"I set the sun at defiance, and advanced towards that part of the valley across which stretches the enormous aqueduct you have heard so often mentioned as the most colossal edifice of its kind in Europe. It has only one row of pointed openings, and the principal arch, which crosses a rapid brook, measures above two hundred and fifty feet in height. The Pont de Garde and Caserta have several rows of arches one above the other, which, by dividing the attention, take off from the size of the whole. There is a vastness in this single range that strikes with astonishment. I sat down on a fragment of rock, under the great arch, and looked up to the vaulted stone-work so high above me with a sensation of awe not unallied to fear; as if the building I gazed upon was the performance of some immeasurable being endowed with gigantic strength, who might perhaps take a fancy to saunter about his works this morning, and, in mere awkwardness, crush me to atoms."

Next week we hope to do more justice to the work.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*LARDNER'S CYCLOPEDIA*. Vol 55.—*Arithmetic*, by Dr. Lardner.—If utility be made the measure of excellence, this is the best volume that has yet appeared in the Cabinet Cyclopædia. It is by far the best practical treatise on Arithmetic with which we are acquainted. We have frequently lamented the absurdity of the common introductions to Arithmetic, and pointed out the folly of setting students to conjure with figures according to mechanical rules, instead of teaching them the nature and power of numbers. Dr. Lardner has avoided this error; his work is strictly scientific in its arrangement, and clear and simple in its language. His explanation of arithmetical rules may be understood by a child, and his system of showing the reason and the effect of every step in an arithmetical process, should be immediately adopted by teachers. The first fifty pages on notation are especially valuable: it is simply because students are not instructed in notation, that arithmetic is deemed so repulsive by the young. We hope that an edition of this work, slightly altered, may be published for the use of schools, and we recommend the author, when preparing it, to dwell at more length on the decimal system of notation, and to place his account of the other systems, that have been sometimes adopted, in an appendix. We should like to have seen some account of Charles XII. of Sweden's plan, for introducing a duodecimal notation—a revolution more difficult to effect, than any other of the wild schemes of that eccentric conqueror.

'*Memoirs and Remains of the late James Fox Longmire*.'—The class of books to which this

belongs, though perhaps containing more excellent feeling, more of those kindly affections which sweeten human life, than any other that could be named, is one we cannot wish to see extended; and for our own parts, we have always felt an aversion to the idea of these memoirs, which are more for private solace than public pleasure, being yawned over by the critic, or the fastidious reader, who have no patience, except with novelty of subject or brilliancy of style. The person whose memoirs are here written, we have no doubt was highly gifted; we are sure he was much beloved, but there is nothing in his life or remains, to distinguish them from a thousand other collections of the same kind. As a specimen of his poetical powers, we publish, in another part of our Paper, a poem which was kindly sent to us in manuscript while the writer was living.

'*India: a Poem, in Three Cantos*, by a Young Civilian of Bengal.—This poem is somewhat in the style of the prize poems, which, with few exceptions, rarely obtain any very enduring fame, or extensive circulation. Its author, who writes under excited feelings of indignation, has performed his duty well, in transferring it to his verses, which are uniformly strong and sonorous, though (from the nature of their subject) they are not very imaginative.

'*Verses for Pilgrims*, by the Rev. C. J. Yorke, M.A.'—'*Trifles in Verse*, by the Rev. W. Routledge, M.A.'—Here are two little volumes, containing nothing to offend the most fastidious, and as little, honesty compels us to admit, to invite a second perusal. Mr. Yorke appears to have studied the sacred lyrics of the school of Quarles, Herbert, and Donne. These are bad models for a writer of the nineteenth century: they were poets, not because of the conceits which overlay and distort their verses, but in spite of them.

'*Greenwich: its History, Antiquities, Improvements, and Public Buildings*, by Henry S. Richardson.—A pretty little book, well got up, and containing much information relating to the town and vicinity of Greenwich. The historical portion is very creditable to Mr. Richardson, for unlike most historians of small towns, he has given us all the information he can collect, in a brief and unassuming form. We think this little work will be a very pleasant, useful companion, both to those who visit Greenwich or who reside there.

'*The Public Advantages of entrusting the Records of the Exchequer, &c. to the Irresponsible Custody of the King's Remembrancer*.'—The title is satirical, and the object of the writer to prove from the condition of the Records at present, under the care of the King's Remembrancer, that he ought not to be entrusted, as proposed by a new Act, for effecting certain alterations in the Exchequer, with more of these important documents. We are not competent to offer an opinion on the subject, but certainly the case made out is a very strong one, and deserves to be attentively considered, by all whose judgment can influence the decision of the question.

'*The Romance of History*.'—These elegant reprints proceed with success. 'France,' by Leitch Ritchie, is now complete.

'*Sacred Classics*.'—Since we last noticed this extraordinarily cheap and valuable work, there have been published 'Bate's Spiritual Perfection, with an introductory Essay, by the Rev. J. P. Smith'—'*Hall's Treatises, Devotional and Practical, with Introduction and Notes*, by the Rev. R. Cattermole'—and '*Baxter's Dying Thoughts, with an introductory Essay*, by the Rev H. Stebbing.'

'*Valpy's edition of Hume's History of England*' has arrived at the fifth volume, which brings down the work to the close of the reign of Elizabeth.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

THE TOMB OF TIME.

BY THE LATE J. F. LONGMIRE.

"SAY! where is the tomb of departed Time?"
The Spirit I asked of a happier clime.—
"Each pathway of light and life I've tried,
Each draught of knowledge I've drank," he replied;

"I have roamed on the shores of the empyreal main,
And listed the orbs at their choral strain;
But with all the sounds of the starry chime,
Such a voice ne'er was heard as the name of Time.

"I have watched the waters of life as they flow;
And they never stopped in their current—oh!
no— [eyes,

I have watched the blaze of a thousand bright
And the sapphire cope of the crystalline skies;
I have marked the flight of unwearied wings;
The undying notes of celestial strings;
And the flowers of gold, with their amaranth bloom—

Oh! they never told of death or the tomb."
I asked the dark Spirit of nether night:
And he gnashed his teeth in the rage of despite—
"No! Time had no place on the primal earth,
Till I gave the baleful monster birth—
I first tore a gem from eternity's crown—
To the bottomless deep I hurled it down—
Till I tempted man to his deed of crime,
Such a sound ne'er was heard as the sound of Time.

"Its tomb is my breast—I feel it here—
And the black cope of Hell is its funeral bier;
The wear of ages—a world's decay—
A thousand monarchs in grim array— [red,
The slaughterers of earth, with their robes all
Are hurrying to me—to their long last bed—
The boast of my pride, was my punisher's doom—
I'm the gulph of all living, Time's terrible tomb."

I asked the master of mighty rhyme,
"Say! where is the tomb of departed Time?"
"Mark the glowing soul as its life-springs fail—
Mark the beautiful cheek growing dim and pale—
Mark the ocean-waves, as the shore they brush,
And the mountains cleft by the torrent's rush—
The crumbling piles of past ages go climb,
And there see the tracks of decaying Time.

"Eternity's round is the place of its sleep—
Its grave the abyss of the infinite deep—
Fallen empires its ashes—the weepers who mourn,

Are languishing nations—the wild world its urn—
Earth's records of pomp, which in their turn
must fade, [is laid—
But the grave-stones that mark where its dust
Joyous hearts and bright eyes, but the brief
flowers that bloom,

Young, fragrant, and fresh, o'er its mouldering tomb."

I asked an old man with the hoary hair,
With the soul of faith and the lips of prayer—
"Oh! seek not its grave in the wreck," he cried,
"Of empires and states, with their pomp and pride;

Mark the broken idols of passing pleasure—
The murdered moments of mis-spent leisure—
Ambition's bustle, the toil of crime;—
There, there, is the tomb of departed Time.

"All else shall awake from its dreamless rest—
The bright eye of youth, and its joyous breast,
It soon shall be broken, the sleep of the dead—
Nor the conquering grave hold the captives it led—

I hail the day, when life's race shall be o'er,
When worlds shall cease, and time be no more—
When the light of Heaven's love shall illumine
the gloom,

And eternity's flowers deck the paths of the Tomb."

LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SPAIN.—By DON A. GALIANO.—Concluded from p. 414.

At the very time when the before-mentioned warfare was raging, there appeared in Spain a comic poet who at once obtained great popularity, and has deservedly maintained it. This is Don MANUEL EDUARDO DE GOROSTIZA, lately a resident in England, whom the fortuitous circumstance of his having been born in Mexico raised, much to the honour of his country, from the sad condition of a Spanish refugee, to the exalted station of Minister Plenipotentiary from the Mexican States at the court of London. Though an American by birth, still, as he received his education in Spain, and made himself famous on the Madrid stage, he has a right to occupy a place in the History of modern Spanish Literature.

Gorostiza's first essay was his 'Indulgencia para Todos,' the plan of which is found in Voltaire's lively tale, 'Mémnon, ou la Sagesse Humaine,' itself an illustration of the old adage, 'Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.' The characters in this play are well drawn, particularly the principal one, *Don Severo*. The humour pervading the entire composition is genuine: its style has more of poetry, and less of conversational vivacity, than is to be found in Moratin's comedies. Though this author belongs to the French school, and is an observer of the unities, he aims at combining the style and manner of the old national dramatists, whose versification he has adopted, with the regularity of modern composition. His description of the Spanish gaming table, in the play before us, besides the merits of graphic truth and forcible description which it possesses, might have been written by a contemporary of Calderon or Moreto, and puts us in mind of the no less happy description of a convent dinner, by Juan Pérez de Montalvan, in his 'Principe Perseguido.'

'Don Dieguito' is another of Gorostiza's plays which was received with great applause. Its principal character is humorously drawn, with a dash of caricature, and was, it is shrewdly suspected, meant for the portrait of a living personage, whose Christian name (Diego) it bears.

The remainder of Gorostiza's comedies do him credit;—though principally remarkable for humour, they occasionally give tokens of wit, and that of a brilliant description; but their stories want interest. This fault, however, is not peculiar to this writer—it is common to the school to which he and all the other modern Spaniards belong; a school, by the rules of which nothing more is required of comedy than a few entertaining dialogues. His humour, too, now and then degenerates into extravagance; and, upon the whole, he must be ranked below Moratin, though nearer to him than the rest of the contemporary writers of Spanish comedy, above whom he rises considerably, not even excluding from this number Martinez de la Rosa, in 'La Hija en Casa y la Madre en las Máscaras,' lately alluded to in these pages.

The condition of the Spanish stage has not improved in these later years—the best proof of this will be found in the popularity enjoyed by a writer of the present day, Don MANUEL BRETON DE LOS HERREROS. His 'Marcela' has been acted several times, and received with a degree of applause which an unprejudiced reader will find it difficult to justify or account for; for he will not find in it one single quality entitling it to public favour. Its characters combine the faults of commonplace and gross caricature,—where the author intends to be humorous, he succeeds only in being extravagant; it has no story; and it is a curious fact that, of the six personages who figure in its scenes, any one (with the exception of the heroine) might be taken away, without the plot suffering by the subtraction.

In fact, the play is a succession of absurd dialogues, its only merit being a flowing and melodious versification, wherein the style of the ancient writers, particularly of Lope de Vega and Tirso de Molina, is very happily imitated. From this it would appear that the author might probably be successful in lyric poetry; but of the requisites for becoming a dramatist he is utterly destitute. The standard of literary merit must have been amazingly lowered in the country of Calderon and Moreto, before a Spanish audience could receive such a production as excellent.

Don JOSE VIRUES, a general in the Spanish army, is a poet whose merits demand notice and commendation: his translation of Voltaire's 'Henriade' is elegant, and abounding in good verses, with as much spirit as could be infused into a version of so cold an original. Another very inferior translation of that poem, by a M. Bazan, appeared about the same time. General Virues has also translated part of Casti's 'Animali Parlanti' very happily; and added to it a canto of his own composition. He has also written some other original poetry, possessing tolerable merit, and has lately published a poem upon the siege of Zamora, a remarkable event in the Spanish history of the middle ages, which the writer of this notice has not seen, and can therefore only speak of by report, which is favourable.

The contemporary poets of modern Spain have produced nothing remarkable as lyric poetry. Upon the publication of the late amnesty granted by the Queen, a young man published a spirited ode, bold in thought (politically speaking), and, in a poetical point of view, remarkable for some vivid imagery, warm feeling, and nervous expression, but, after all, only worthy of a moderate share of praise.

Nor are the tone and principles of Spanish criticism essentially improved. An attempt has been made in an anonymous pamphlet attributed to M. DURAN, a young writer, to controvert the established doctrines of the classical school, and to uphold the principles adopted by the Spanish poets, particularly by the dramatists. But the advocate was imperfectly acquainted with the true nature and bearings of the cause he undertook, with more zeal than ability, to defend. His success was what might have been expected. He has also published a collection of Spanish ballads, in five volumes. The selection is good, and no less creditable to the taste, than to the zeal of the collector.

The best proof of the present stationary state of Spanish criticism, may be found in an excellent publication which has recently appeared. This is a collection of the best works of the Spanish dramatists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with critical judgments upon the merits of their composition. Such a collection was a desideratum in our national literature. In the times of Charles the Third, Don VICENTE GARCÍA DE LA HUERTA had undertaken the task, but his work was not successful, and abandoned before it was finished. This recent publication has been undertaken in a more enlightened spirit. The selection of authors and their plays, is, upon the whole, good; but the criticisms are written in accordance with the code of classicism, which is obviously inapplicable to such works; they are moreover liable to another and graver censure—the genius of the poets, and their works not being subjected to a philosophical

* The collector was a man of talent, but of little erudition; of less judgment, and still less temper. His criticisms are, for the most part, in censure of his contemporaries. His work, 'El Teatro Español,' gave occasion to many good jokes provoked by his eccentricities.

phical examination—the story of the play, rather than its spirit, being judged. Beauties and blemishes indeed, are pointed out, but we meet with no attempt to trace the sources whence they spring,—no explanation of the character of the national drama. The reader is only told in what respects some of its brightest specimens depart from the rules afterwards adopted by the critics of Spain.

The same uncompromising doctrines, were maintained by the editors of the *Gaceta de Bayona*, in the literary articles published in that short-lived periodical. They are also those adhered to by Don Francisco Gómez Hermosilla, in his work entitled '*Arte de hablar, en prosa y en verso*.' This last-named book, has, it is said, been well received in Spain, and yet, though it is creditably written, it is sadly deficient in enlarged and philosophical views. The author displays his learning in it, and a taste rather sober than delicate: he can animadvert on what is bad, but exhibits no feeling or relish for what is excellent. He is, in short, a *juste milieu* critic. His scholarship, in which he seems to take pride, is that of a man, who could give a faithful version of the words of Homer, but neither feel, nor make others feel his poetry: and our judgment is well borne out by his translation of the *Iliad*, which has recently appeared. It is to the shame of Spanish literature, that that poem had remained untranslated, even to the opening of the present century: about which period Don Ignacio García Malo published a Spanish *Iliad*. His translation, however, was not direct from the original: and it is shrewdly suspected, that instead of having recourse even to the literal Latin version, he merely rendered into Spanish Dacier, or Bitaubé or Lebrun. This miserable version was scarcely read. Gómez Hermosilla's recent attempt claims more praise, and is entitled to that of fidelity: but he erred in making it a poetical one—his tame, poor, prosaic versification renders his work nearly unreadable. There is no very exalted merit in mere beauty of sound; but he who writes verses must produce such as will please the ear, or the reader will be doubly disgusted with a performance which partakes of the defects, without possessing the charms, of measured language.

While such was the state of the literature of Spain at home, her exiled children, in spite of the manifold difficulties which stood in their way, exerted their best endeavours to contribute to the improvement and fame of their dear native country. Among their labours, we must mention the production of a good Grammar of the Spanish language, as it is now spoken and written. The author, Don VICENTE SALVA, a member of the late Cortes, was eminently fitted for the task he undertook, by his extensive knowledge of his own language and literature. He does not, in his work, profess to enter into the philosophical principles of grammar in general; on the contrary, it is merely elementary. But, in its own line, it ranks high, far surpassing all the other Spanish works upon the subject, not excepting that by the Royal Spanish Academy.†

We have already stated that a large number of the works we have mentioned, issued from foreign presses. In England, a magazine, under the title of '*Ocios de Españoles Emigrados*' (The Leisure Hours of Spanish Emigrants), was carried on by the united labours of Don Joaquín Villanueva, Don José Canga Argüelles, and Don Pablo Mendibil. This work, as might be expected, dealt largely in politics, and much also in discussions respecting the pretensions of the Roman see, a subject which Villanueva, from his studies, and Canga Argüelles, from his taste, and extensive, though superficial erudition, looked upon, and treated with peculiar interest. But their magazine was not without some interesting articles

upon literary and other matters, in which the pure Castilian of Villanueva, the brilliant and spirited, though overlaid and incorrect style of Canga Argüelles, and the industry and research of Mendibil, appeared with good effect.

Don Pablo Mendibil was, moreover, largely engaged in other literary undertakings. During his first exile in France he had published, in conjunction with Don Mariano Silvela, a collection of elegant extracts in prose and verse from the best Spanish writings. During his residence in England, he was equally devoted to his favourite object, the extension of the knowledge, and the exaltation of the fame of the literature of his own country. This partiality became at last (as it often does) a prejudice, and under its influence Mendibil was too lavish of praise, which, also, he bestowed too indiscriminately. In addition to this fault, he possessed the further one of never attaining to a good style of writing. His knowledge of the old Castilian writers was extensive: his desire of imitating them strong; but he was a native of Biscay, and had been long accustomed to write in French, and the traces of his provincial dialect, and of his French associations, are everywhere visible in his works—the more so, as they appear in contrast with quaint and antiquated phrases.

It was in a foreign land, too, that the longest and most interesting poem which, for many years, has been written in the Spanish language, saw the light.* The press of Paris is, even at the present moment, engaged in bringing before the public, '*El Moro Expósito*,' (The Moorish Foundling) a work by Don ANGEL DE SAAVEDRA, formerly a Colonel in the Spanish army, and at present a homeless wanderer, the victim of the political events which have agitated Spain, and deprived her of many of the ablest and best among her children.

This poet was already known in Spain, and had published there two volumes of poetry, besides having written several tragedies, some of which have been acted, and with applause. It is only since he has been exiled, however, that he has risen to that high station among the poets of Spain, which he may safely occupy without his right to hold it being questioned.

Don Angel Saavedra began to write verses in his earliest youth. They were, however, like the generalty of young men's verses, imitations, or rather variations upon the themes already handled by the poets of classic or native literature. The gaieties of fashionable life, in which he mixed largely, if they did not call away his attention from literary pursuits, prevented his following them with an earnest devotedness, as they occupied those hours which should have been given to study and meditation,—to the close observation of humanity, and communion with nature. Being the younger brother of a Spanish grandee (the Duke of Ribas), Saavedra belongs to a class, at the present time, neither remarkable for their mental endowments, nor their acquired knowledge: for those higher branches of the nobility of Spain, whatever they may have been in the days of old, and notwithstanding there may be found among them, in our own times, a few enlight-

ened individuals, and one or two mediocre poets, have, through the policy of the government and their own faults, sunk nearly into insignificance, and become the victims of their own imperfect mental and moral cultivation. It is impossible that he who breathes the atmosphere of Spanish high life, (still more artificial and corrupt than that of other countries,) can inhale the spirit of true poetry; and between this and the camp Saavedra divided his youth—the latter, too, not a more favourable place than the former, to the cultivation of mind; but having been run through the body by a Polish lancer on the field of Ocaña, (in addition to ten other wounds), and left dead, it was imagined, upon the ground, and after his escape, which was next to miraculous, his painful and protracted recovery allowed him some time, if not for study, for meditation. He was obliged henceforth to adopt a less active pursuit, and began to devote his leisure hours to Poetry. He may, however, be said to have sued the Muse lightly and gaily, rather than with sincere and earnest passion: and for many years she was only his coquettish mistress—of late she has become the object of his deep and serious affection.

But, even in his first essays, indifferent as they were, Saavedra gave promise of future excellence. It is true, that the subjects of his verses and his thoughts were commonplace, derived from books, and not nature. Yet, there was to be found in them a harmonious fluency, an ease, and a certain gorgeous copiousness of language, which indicated the possession of a rich imagination. It was his aim to write like Herrera and Rioja; but while he copied their style, he graced it with that which they had not—the flow and sweetness which are so delightful in Lope de Vega and Balbuena. These, however, are the only beauties which we find in the early writings of Saavedra. Several of the Spanish poets had more imagination, but few, or none, among them could express themselves so well. In the two volumes of poetry which he published, some of the ballads are very pleasing, particularly one in which he records the event of his being left wounded on the field of battle. His short poem, '*El Paso Honroso*,' (The Passage at Arms), contains a few happy descriptions, and possesses, moreover, the merit of uncommonly beautiful versification.

Saavedra spent a part of his time in writing tragedies. But he was then ill qualified to succeed in so high and difficult an order of composition, and far from being able to conceive and to delineate character, he had yet to learn how to give utterance to his own thoughts and feelings. His three tragedies, '*Altiar*,' '*El Duque de Aquitania*,' and '*Maliek Adhel*,' are feeble productions. The first of them does not even possess the general merits of its author's poetry; and, though it was received with approbation by a Seville audience, has not outlived its first temporary success. The second has an interesting story: in the third, the plot of which is borrowed from Madame Cottin's well-known novel, there are passages of beautiful poetry, and, occasionally, of pathos and passion. It has not, however, passed the ordeal of stage representation.

'*Lanuza*,' a fourth tragedy by this author, was heard with pleasure, and great applause, at Madrid, and met with no less favour in the provinces. Saavedra wrote it whilst he sat at the Cortes, during the period of the highest political excitement which marked the annals of the Spanish revolution. It was founded upon the story of the stand in defence of national liberty, made by the '*Justicia*' of Aragon, Don Juan de Lanuza, in opposition to the tyranny of Philip II., which, unfortunately, ended in the overthrow of the free institutions of Aragon, in the execution of the patriotic leader, and the failure of his cause. Saavedra felt intense and indignant feeling awakened by his subject, and has contrived

† This, however, is no very high praise, the Academy grammar being a very poor one.

* A comparison with the '*Araucana*' and the '*Bernardo*,' the two best poems of the ancient Spanish literature, would be irrelevant, and lead to discussions which may well be spared.

† These exceptions, though few, ought to be recorded. Mention has been already made of the Duke of Frias; the Duke of Híjar (since deceased), wrote some poetry: it was very bad and prosaic, but a proof of his good intentions towards literature. A very absurd drama by him was acted in Cadiz in the year 1812.

Don Gaspar Aguilera, a brother to the Marquis of Cerralvo, and for some years an exile, in consequence of his devotion to the constitutional cause—a man possessed of much natural talent and extensive knowledge, has likewise written and published some short pieces of poetry, which are equal to the better Castilian verses of the present day. Should he write or publish more, our opinion, we believe, would be more favourable, as he is capable of producing works of a much higher order than he has hitherto done.

to excite the same in his audience. But there was no historical truth—no representation of ancient Spain in his drama; its plot was meagre, and it contained only one character, that of the hero. In that one character there is little individuality, and he is made only to exhibit the passions and thoughts of the people at the time when the tragedy was written and acted. The poet gave utterance to his own feelings, and the audience listened to him with delight, because theirs were the same; so that the tragedy was only an oration—an eloquent one, it is true, such as was then delivered in the senate, and other popular assemblies, embellished with the graces of poetry; and the frequenters of the theatre applauded, within its walls, what they were in the habit of applauding elsewhere, though it was in the present instance better expressed.

Saavedra was doomed to feel the iron hand of misfortune; but though its pressure wounded the man, and that very severely, it served as a stimulus to the genius of the poet. His feelings were strongly excited by the circumstance of his finding himself an outcast. It was from his own sad personal experience, and not in books, that he learned the miseries of an exile, whereby he was separated from his country and friends, and degraded from affluence and a proud estate into poverty and obscurity. The first outbursts of his spirit, in his ode, 'El Desterrado,' are very beautiful: it has its faults, but it is written fresh from the heart, and was the outpouring of a mind laden with grief, at the moment when he cast a parting glance upon the shores of Spain, from the ship that was bearing him across the Straits of Gibraltar, when leaving his first place of exile (though an English fortress, still a part of the Peninsula,) for the ungenial climate of Great Britain. In this ode, the great beauties of this author's style are displayed to peculiar advantage, in embodying the sincere and intense feeling which breathes through the whole composition. A second, and very short poem, upon nearly the same subject, 'El Ensueño del Proscrito,' (the Dream of the Proscribed,) possesses still greater merit. It is but a trifle, yet in no place do the rhythmical beauties of Castilian poetry make themselves so well felt as in these few lines, which abound, moreover, with the truest and tenderest pathos, and are embellished by a vivid contrast between a night-scene on the moonlit banks of the Guadalquivir, and the English metropolis with its foggy and loaded atmosphere.

Saavedra was driven by his mischances to England, and thence to Malta. In the course of his visits to these countries, and of his intercourse with foreign critics, he acquired sounder notions, and more correct information, with respect to the state of European criticism, than most of his fellow-countrymen. His friends, who discerned in his conversation indications of a fancy, a wit, and a humour, which were not to be found in his writings, exhorted him to rely fearlessly upon his own powers—to give utterance to that which was within him, instead of repeating that which he had gathered from the works of others. He followed this reasonable advice, and, by so doing, has delighted Spain with his late compositions, particularly the poem we have already mentioned.

The story of 'The Foundling' is founded upon one of those well-known legends so frequently occurring in the history of Spain. The tale of the 'Siete Infantes de Lara,' and their younger brother and avenger, the Moor Mudarra, had been chosen as the subject of an old Spanish play, not of the better order of the ancient Castilian dramas: the legend, therefore, had not received the justice it deserves; and there are few more abounding in deep interest, or more fitted to furnish the ground-work of a poem.

It has been the aim of this author to be the romantic poet of modern Spain. His work is

not stamped with the insignia of that code, under the edicts and provisions of which his countrymen live and write: it is neither epic, nor didactic, nor descriptive, but claims to be considered as the only one of its kind—the founder of a family: it is, moreover, filled with humorous, and even low passages, among those of a totally contrary description;—the formal dignity of heroic poetry is not attempted to be preserved in it; like every-day life, it has its vicissitudes—its bright places and its dark passages, its gentle folk and its clowns;—the style and language are sometimes highly poetical—in places even gorgeous to an excess; whilst again they are simple and plain, not rising above the level of common parlance. The author has, it would seem, purposely departed from the fastidiousness of the Spanish poets, and called familiar things by their familiar names, instead of having recourse to that circumlocution till then considered not only proper, but essential, to poetry.

The poem is written in the Italian measure of eleven syllables: its romantic character seemed to require the ballad measure of eight syllables; but this, in a long poem, would become intolerable to Castilian ears. However, by the adoption of the *asonante* (the Spanish half rhyme) in place of the *consonante* (the complete rhyme), the versification has been made to assume a Castilian guise; and the metre itself passes, among Spaniards, as being near akin to that of the ballad, and goes under the name of *Romance Endecasílabo* (ballad in eleven syllables). The story of this poem has been made deeply interesting by its author. He is successful in his delineation of character, and more so in his persons of low degree than those of a higher rank. The young Moor, and his Spanish mistress, and old Gonzalo, are indeed little more than the established gallant, and heroine, and old gentleman, of most romances; but Ruy Velasquez has a more distinct and vivid existence of his own, and the old half-crazed hag and her son have been imagined and painted with great force and spirit. Nor less individual are the Spanish banditti, amongst whom El Zurdo (the left-handed) is a happier personification of the Spanish ruffian than has hitherto appeared in print.

But the great merit of Saavedra's poetry lies in his descriptive passages; and of these, the long poem before us affords us some brilliant specimens. His scenes in Andalusia are redolent with odours from its orange groves, and glow, as it were, beneath the intense hues of its sky. In Cordoba too the poet is at home, and he can carry his readers thither by his spell, and bid them behold the bright heavens, and taste the genial air of the banks of the Guadalquivir: the contrast is no less strikingly maintained between the gay and enlightened and luxurious Arabs, who were settled in the former country, and the sterner and less civilized Castilians, who possessed the latter. Nor is Saavedra less happy in his descriptions of animated nature; the scene between Ruy Velasquez and his ruffianly associates is fearful and striking—that of the broil between the Moors and Christians full of spirit and vivacity—a picture from the life.

It may, perhaps, be said, that the style and versification of this poem will be found something inferior to those of most of the author's other works; yet it contains lines which cannot be surpassed in any of his poems, and in no preceding composition has he shown greater command of language and versification. At times, and most probably on purpose, he appears to become careless in his manner; but this was to be expected in a work of such length, and is not much to be blamed;—for the most part, Spanish poets are too constantly on their stilts, and an occasional descent may be excused if not commended, as it is likely ultimately to produce more good than evil.

Some of the minor compositions published with

this poem, are also worthy of commendation: the idea of addressing a sleeping child is not novel, but in the Spanish poet's 'Verses to his infant son fallen asleep in his mother's lap,' the ever-recurring thought of his sad estate blends itself with his paternal feelings, so as to give a certain originality, and much tenderness, to this outpouring of his affections. His lines to the Beacon Light of Malta are very spirited, and their author in them gave a specimen of the new poetical principles which he had adopted. The idea of mentioning the weather-vane (in the form of a gilded angel) which crowns the steeple of the cathedral of Cordoba, would probably have been rejected by most of the living authors of Spain, as an image unbecomingly poetry of a high order; and yet it is good, because natural, and well concludes his fanciful and affecting poem.

The faults of Saavedra as a poet arise from the same source as gave birth to the beauties which his works possess. His extreme command of language and versification, and the obvious ease with which his verses are produced, lead him into an occasional laxity of style, and a constant diffuseness. He has wonderful skill in saying the same thing over and over again, and clothing one single thought in a beautiful and diversified dress; but he abuses this gift. The pruning knife might often be advantageously applied to reduce the exuberance (sometimes amounting to viciousness) of his style and language. The same richness of soil, whereby vegetation is rendered beautiful and luxuriant, nourishes in abundance weeds, which it is necessary to eradicate.

By the publication of these works, however, Saavedra has taken his station amongst the first-rate poets of Spain. A further consequence may arise from their dissemination—none other than a revolution in the literary taste of the Spanish people. A preface accompanies this last poem, in which some literary doctrines are propounded and advocated, which will possibly startle and shock the orthodox writers now presiding over Castilian literature. The language of this preface is daring and fierce, such as becomes a bold innovator, and it will doubtless be received with much angry expostulation and censure, not unmixed with abuse: but as these must lead to a free examination of its truth or falsehood, the best effects may ultimately be anticipated from it. The public mind in Spain, may be likened to a stagnant pool; and the same storm which disturbs its sluggish calm, is sure also to purify its waters.

With the publication we have last mentioned, we terminate our short Survey of Spanish Literature during the Nineteenth Century. Some works which are of a later date than the above have not reached the writer of these pages. Amongst those which he has seen advertised, he has noticed a few novels, two or three of them, of the class called historical, 'El Bastardo de Castilla,' 'El Conde de Contamina,' and, 'La Conquista de Valencia,' and one, 'Las Costumbres de ogaño,' ('The Manners of our own Days'), professing to portray Spanish society as existing in the present day. These productions are quite a novelty in Spanish literature, as, with the exception of that feeble production 'La Serafina,' no original fiction has been produced in Spain, in an age so prolific in works of this description among all other European nations.

Some of our readers may perhaps find the judgments passed upon the productions of modern Spanish writers, too severe. But on this head the writer feels no scruple of conscience. The nature of the compositions which he has examined, betrays the unimportance of modern Spanish literature—for whatever may be the merits of a few good odes, or a few spirited critical and political essays, they are not sufficient to constitute a literature, likely to command the attention, or excite the interest of

foreign readers. They may complain, that too much commendation has been bestowed upon some of those works; but Spain must not be tried by the same tests which are applied to other countries, where the public mind is more free, and therefore more active. It has been already explained, why Spanish authors are precluded from engaging in works likely to gain a lasting fame for their author, and afford substantial satisfaction to the world of readers.

For the most part, the intellectual food of Spain is of foreign growth, enjoyed either in its genuine state, or through translation. Works of the latter class are very common—and had we sufficient data, an account of the original and translated works published in the Castilian language, might be given, which would surprise the reader, by showing the immense preponderance of the latter over the former; even to those resident in Spain this excess must appear remarkable, and it would be yet more increased, if the Spanish books published in other countries are taken into the account: the Spanish exiles having been very active in this very easy branch of labour. But they have not always selected the best works for translation, nor, when they have done so, are they often entitled to praise for the versions which they have given.

As a people, the Spaniards are fond of novel-reading, and they are supplied with French novels in abundance, the worst trash which issues from the press of France having appeared in a Spanish garb, or, it might be more properly said, in a peculiar Spanish jargon, which, it is to be feared, has irretrievably corrupted the Castilian language.

But it cannot be denied, that Spain is in a state of progressive improvement. It must, however, advance very slowly, if the obstacles in its way are not at least partially removed. Among other things wanting is the blessing of a free press, which she has already enjoyed during her two last revolutions, but the present circumstances of the country afford little hope of its being granted.† But even without going to this length, (and abstaining from the troubled region of politics), we may suggest and hope for a more liberal administration of the censorship, on the part of the licensing magistracy. It is impossible that, under a rigid monarchy, any animadversions upon the existing government can be tolerated; bold theories either in politics or religion, cannot be promulgated. But the office of the censor might, we think, be restricted to the prohibiting the diffusion of objectionable doctrines, in place of extending (as it does now) to whatever does not suit his literary prejudices and partialities, nay, even his very caprices. Great, indeed, is the difficulty of setting bounds to irresponsible authority, and good regulations have but little chance of being carried into execution, where there is no power of appeal against an oppressor in office; and yet a government, acting with reasonable impartiality may do much, and we see no reason why the press should not stand, in Spain, on the same footing as the one on which it has been placed and maintained in other countries under a similar government.

The fall of the Inquisition ought to have proved favourable to the enlargement of the public mind. But the spirit of that tribunal is not yet utterly extinct: it survives in many of the departments of government: and of this, we have a striking proof in the last edition of the comedies of Moratin, the publication of which was superintended by the Royal Academy of History. The text of the author has undergone mutilation and change, and some pungent jokes, which had been tolerated on the stage, and been permitted to appear in print, in the days of Godoy and the Inquisition, when civil and religious tyranny were at their highest, have been sup-

pressed and superseded by pointless lines, which do credit to neither the independence nor the wit of the editors.‡

The tenderness of the Spanish government, with respect to the politics of former days, is truly extraordinary. A line has been drawn, on this side of which, little or no censure of the acts of departed Kings is permitted. Men, for instance, are allowed to speak of the crimes of Peter the Cruel, or of the debauchery of Henry the 4th, but no unfavourable report of the reign or person of Philip the 2nd would be tolerated; and the house of Bourbon has thrown a shield over the memory of the monarchs belonging to the House of Austria.

Unless some relaxation of this rigour can be obtained, important works must cease to appear in Spain, and history no longer exist. Much is wanting in this department of literature—a history of Spanish South America, nay, even of Spain herself, yet remains to be written: the two revolutions which she has undergone are yet unrecorded, unless the imperfect works of foreigners, filled with prejudice, and deficient in information, be accepted as containing faithful representations of these events.

But it may be said, that the lighter branches of literature might be cultivated, notwithstanding the difficulties which stand in the way of works of a higher cast; and the remark is in part true: still, the same influences which impede the development of the higher faculties of the mind are also found to operate injuriously upon the lighter aspirations and exertions of the fancy and intellect. The scarcity of readers, the want of capital in the publishing trade, the inconsiderable number of authors, and the equally small number and unimportant quality of their works, may be all traced to one and the same source.

To suggest changes without the power of bringing them to pass, is, for the most part, a fruitless, as it is almost always an ungracious, task; and a sober thinker will content himself with pointing out such remedies as can be adopted in existing circumstances. It is prudent to avail ourselves of what little may be within our reach, but it does not exclude the wishing for, and exerting ourselves to obtain, further and more important advantages; and the paths even now free to the Spanish writers are more numerous and varied than they themselves have conceived.

The poets of Spain ought to take a wider range than they have hitherto occupied: they should avoid, however, imitating the extravagancies of the writers of the modern romantic school, whose good qualities are disfigured by an excess of affectation; disregarding the shadowy distinction between classicism and romanticism, they should follow the bright and judicious examples of the illustrious poets of the later days of Britain. Their native history, their popular traditions, the face of their country, teem with the elements of poetry and romance. Let them then arise, and make their poetry that which it has been supposed to be by half-informed critics, but which assuredly it is not, national and natural. Instead of vague descriptions, let them give us characteristic pictures of their own beautiful scenery—instead of the fables of a worn-out mythology, let us hear their own popular traditions and superstitions—in place of characters copied from foreign works, let them observe human nature in their own land,

‡ In the 'Mogigata,' for instance, Perico, a servant, speaking of a sick man, says the doctors, finding that remedies were of no avail, prescribed the "Extrema Unction, which (he adds) is very good for the soul."

Le recetaron la Union

Que para el alma es muy buena.

This has been thought irreverent, and altered into,

Le recetaron la Union

Y tomaron las pesetas—

(And took their fees.)

and draw after it—and should they return to the past, acquaint themselves with history, and they will find no difficulty in clothing their figures rightly.

It appears, that some historical novels have been already published in Spain. Great as are the objections against compositions of this kind, they are outweighed, in the writer's opinion, by the advantages which they also possess; and they particularly deserve to be encouraged in Spain, as likely to withdraw both authors and readers from the commonplaces of their tame, monotonous, and uncharacteristic poetry.

Nor is the production of the common novel to be discouraged, in spite of the trash which is sure to spring from the cultivation of this branch of fiction. It would be well to direct the attention of the Spaniards to their own country, and the realities of its everyday life, which might, moreover, be followed by another beneficial consequence—that of rendering Spanish life, as it is, more fully known to foreigners. These, for the most part, judge of Spain as she was in the seventeenth century: the *duenia* is still supposed to exist, the Spanish gallant to tinkle his guitar under the window of his well-waded mistress;—'Gil Blas,' in some parts a very faithful, in others as totally incorrect, a representation of the manners of Old Spain, is yet looked to in England and France, as presenting a faithful picture of Spanish life and manners as they now exist. It is the fault of the Spaniards themselves, that they are not better known: if in some points degenerated from, in many they are far superior to their ancestors; retaining some national customs, but having adopted much that is foreign, their very peculiarities being widely different from those of former ages, and, for the most part, referable to the storms which it has been the lot of the existing generation to toil through and live under.

The attention of the Spanish critics might be turned with advantage to the examination and study of the sound philosophical principles upon which the science they profess is now based in other countries.

In parting, one word of counsel to the writers (and readers) of Spain may be permitted:—we would have them pay less attention to style, more to matter—to discard a taste for fine and ambitious writing, and replace it with an increased attention to the philosophical and correct use of language—to prefer, in their poetry, boldness of imagination and intensity of feeling, to sweetness of versification and smoothness of phrase. Let them lay this to heart, and they will thereby certainly attain to that excellence to which their efforts seem now principally, if not exclusively, directed. The fine language at their command, the exuberant fancy of the national character, qualify them for a career far more brilliant than any they have hitherto run. That they may enter upon this, and succeed beyond the expectations—it cannot be beyond the hopes and wishes—of the writer, is his fervent desire. He has the honour and glory of his native country strongly at heart.

It is true that, in performing his task, he has been more lavish of censure than panegyric, but he has only done (however painful) what he has conceived to be his duty; but he has never hesitated in awarding praise where he has thought it due—and if this has been done in a somewhat restricted and qualified manner, it is because he has thought judicious and discriminating eulogy preferable to blind and unmeasured commendation, especially when not bestowed upon works of undoubted and commanding excellence;—and if the view he has taken of modern Spanish Literature has not been a favourable one, it has arisen from his deep-seated conviction, that the best friend is he whose words sound harshest in the ears of self-esteem and prejudice; that it is less dangerous to reprove than to flatter, and that

† We need hardly observe, that these papers were written some months ago.

Spain requires a warning voice to stimulate her sons to retrieve their national character, and to raise it as high as it might and ought to be raised.

ENGRAVINGS IN PROGRESS IN ITALY.

Florence, 1st June.

You want to know what our engravers are about? Grumbling. Commissions from print-sellers, their best friends, and only true and serviceable patrons, are rare things now-a-days—Artaria, at Manheim, the Mæcenæ of the hour, has only given two lately to all Italy, and one of these is for a mere trifle. As to publishing on their own account, it is next to impossible; for however extensive the subscriptions may be, the money is only forthcoming on delivery of the print, and the engraver must therefore either borrow at a ruinous disadvantage, or starve during the progress of his work. However, I will give you full particulars of what is in progress. First, let me draw your attention to a splendid work by our countryman Sanders, which will shortly be in London, as at last, after seven years' labour, it is completed. Mr. Sanders is but little known in England: he has resided chiefly in Russia, where he met with great encouragement. The subject he has selected, whereon to test his highest powers, is the master-piece of Fra Bartolommeo, the 'Madonna della Misericordia,' in the church of St. Romano at Lucca. West, in his *Academical Discourses*, spoke of this picture in extraordinary terms of praise;—the subject, which, however, West has not described accurately, is the Madonna interceding with her son in favour of the Lucchese, against the power of the Florentines. Many are of opinion, that the sublime in this picture is injured by the very unideal faces in the lower half of the composition. It is well known, that Fra Bartolommeo was ordered to introduce the chief magistrate of Lucca, Montecatini, together with his wife, children, and old mother: there they are, beautifully grouped, it must be confessed, but their portraits fall short of the sublime, and, no doubt, to judge from appearance, the other heads are all equally portraits, every one according to order. Imagine the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, with their wives and children, introduced into a solemn and sacred painting! Yet such anomalies, a little softened by a more picturesque costume than exists at the present day, run, as you know, through the works of the old Italian masters,—their stars"—that is, their paymasters—"were more in fault than they." The engraving is very large—larger, I believe, than Morghen's 'Last Supper.' The Italians themselves are warm in its praise, and call it, in its effect, less an engraving than a painting. This is the perfection of the art, and never can be achieved by trick or pettiness: there must be a boldness of the graver, the utmost delicacy of execution, and a consummate knowledge of the effect of lines, to produce, as it were, not only shade, but colour. Having dispatched this great work to England, Mr. Sanders is now occupied on another, long since begun, from N. Poussin's celebrated picture of 'Esther fainting before Ahasuerus.' He made the drawing himself, from the original in the Hermitage Gallery at St. Petersburg, by consent of the Emperor Alexander. He also intends shortly to commence an engraving, the size of Morghen's 'Transfiguration,' from the famous 'Notte di Correggio,' in the Dresden Gallery, a copy in oil having been already painted expressly for the purpose, by one of the best Dresden artists.

I now come to the Italian artists, and first of those residing here. Giovita Garavaglia, who has succeeded Morghen as Professor of Engraving at the Academy of the Fine Arts, is considerably

advanced in a very beautiful work from the celebrated picture by Guido, representing 'The Assumption of the Madonna,' in the Jesuits' church at Genoa: the accurate and admirable drawing was made by Garavaglia himself. Girolamo Scotto has finished, and is now about publishing, a good engraving from one of the interesting pictures in fresco of Andrea del Sarto, at the SS. Annunziata, representing 'The Kissing the Reliques of Filippo Benizzi.' The drawing—an exact one—was also made by the engraver. Perfetti, a native Florentine—for Garavaglia is a Pavian, and Scotto a Genoese—has recently begun a companion to Scotto's work, from another of Andrea's frescoes at the same church, representing 'The Birth of the Madonna.' Each of these prints measures one foot ten inches by one foot four inches. Perfetti is also engraving, on commission from Artaria, a very small 'Madonna and Child,' after Guido. G. Cantini has not yet quite finished his companion to Morghen's 'Last Supper.' It is of the same size, and the same subject, from a fresco by Andrea del Sarto, in the environs of this city. This is a commission of seven years' standing. Samuele Jesi, a Jew, an artist of acknowledged talent, is executing a large plate after 'Leo X. and his two Secretaries,' by Raphael, in the Pitti Palace. The drawing, highly finished, is by the artist.

I hear from Milan, that Pietro Anderloni has on hand a companion to his last work from the 'Lunette' of Raphael at the Vatican, representing 'Attila,'—from Parma, that Cavaliere Toschi is engraving for Artaria, at the price of 80,000 francs, a large plate (the size of *Lo Spasimo*) after Daniello di Volterra's picture at Rome, of 'The Descent from the Cross;' he has also in hand a plate of moderate dimensions, from Correggio's 'Madonna della Scudella;' the picture is at Parma; the drawings are by himself;—from Rome, that Pavyon confines himself to copying the works of others, and is now engaged on Morghen's 'Transfiguration,'—from Bologna, that the death of Gondolfi will deprive the lovers of the Arts, for some time, of the engraving which he had nearly completed, from Raphael's 'St. Cecilia;' and to advance the work, and increase the profits, that his heirs are at law about possession of the plate.

This is all I hear of, worth reporting; but it is worthy of observation, that almost all these engravings are from drawings made by the artists themselves—this is rarely the case in England: now, it is impossible for an engraver to catch the tone, spirit, and effect of a painting, through a drawing by a third hand, so happily as from a drawing made by himself, provided he is a good draughtsman, which, strange as it may appear, is not often the case with English engravers. A direct translation ought to be far superior to one through an intermediate language.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL COLLEGE

PROPOSED TO BE ESTABLISHED BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

CONSIDERABLE interest having been excited by the declared wish of Archbishop Whately to found an Ecclesiastical College in Dublin, we think it right to give some particulars of the proposed Institution, especially as our attention has been directed to the subject by several correspondents.

The following brief abstract will convey to the reader a full knowledge of the nature of the Institution which his Grace is seeking to establish; and its accuracy may be relied on.

"The College is designed for the reception of such students of the Universities of Dublin, Oxford, and Cambridge, as have completed their divinity course, and have obtained the usual certificate of having so done."

A period of from two to three years—often more—intervenes in most cases between the

completion of studies in Trinity College, and actual ordination. This time is of course spent variously; many waste it altogether; some spend it less profitably than they might, in private unassisted study; a few place themselves under the direction of clergymen, but these are selected from neighbourhood and accidental circumstances, and are not always the best guides. It seems desirable to occupy the time of candidates in additional study, and also in witnessing, as performed by experienced persons, and subsequently performing themselves under the inspection of those guides, certain practical duties, such as catechizing children, &c.

When ordained and appointed to curacies, they will be thus enabled at once to enter upon their duties with more efficiency.

This cannot interfere with Trinity College, or any other University, as none are to be received till dismissed from their college.

It was thought advisable that the Church, as such, should be seen to take a part in the training of its own ministers. The Archbishops, as visitors of Trinity College, are assistants to the Provost in general instruction. When professional training is the object, each Bishop should be the prominent superintendent in his own diocese. Some dioceses in Ireland are too poor for separate institutions. In such cases, the Bishops should be permitted to avail themselves of the Metropolitan Institution, and if they do so, should be allowed to take a part in its management.

The Provost consented to be a Trustee: it was not till the measure was on the point of completion that he withdrew this consent. The Primate declared at first that he would not oppose.

The Fellows have recently acknowledged that they suspected that, because the Archbishop was an Oxford man, and an Englishman, he must hold Trinity College in contempt, and on this account form a new Institution; yet, he wished the Provost to be a Trustee, and the Professor of Divinity, Dr. Elrington, to be Principal—and he established at his own expense a Professorship in Trinity College.

The prominent objection made, was, that a distinct provision for the education of ministers would open Trinity College Fellowships to Roman Catholics: this objection equally applies to the existing state of things, as the department for the education of candidates for orders in Trinity College is wholly distinct from the rest of the College.

It is admitted that a University cannot supply the practical training which is requisite for ministers; it is also admitted by the Fellows that the design is "in itself good and desirable,"—but it should not be attempted, because the church is in danger. If this be true, it is the more necessary to adopt improvements.

Such is the account furnished us of the proposed Institution; of the policy or impolicy of such an establishment it is unnecessary for us to offer any opinion.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

This has been a gay and busy week at Oxford: in fact, the pleasures of the Installation seem to have succeeded each other so fast, that they must have taxed the strength of some of the company severely. Among the principal features of the ceremony (or entertainment), were the recitation of the Newdigate Prize Poem, on the subject of the Hospice of St. Bernard, in presence of the Hero of Waterloo, and the Installation Ode, written by Mr. Keble, the Professor of Poetry, and set to music by Dr. Crotch, of which report speaks very highly. Madame Caradori, Madame Stockhausen, Mrs. W. Knivett, Miss Masson, Messrs. Braham, Vaughan,

† We doubt this; but we leave our correspondents at liberty to advance their own opinions.

Phillips, and Machin, were among the singers who took part in the musical performances.

Independently of the Abbey meeting, there is much novelty in music forthcoming; among others, a Madame Filipowicz, a pupil of Spohr, is about to give a Concert, her instrument being one rarely taken up by ladies—the violin.—Grisi announces 'La Sonnambula' for her benefit. We wish she had chosen a better opera for the occasion; but we suppose she relies rather on the fashion of the singer than the love of good music.—Mr. Roedel, the manager of the German Opera, has fixed his benefit for next Wednesday, at which we are to hear an act of Spontini's 'Ferdinand Cortez.'

We may as well remind our readers that the two splendid Correggios purchased by the nation from Lord Londonderry, are now to be seen, with the rest of the collection, in Pall Mall.

It seems at length pretty certain that the 'Napoleone,' the French and Italian poem, which was so confidently ascribed to fraternal affection, and quoted in proof that talent of some sort or other—of some calibre or other—is an heir-loom in the Bonaparte family, is not the production of his ex-Majesty the ex-King of Spain, but of some unknown, or at least unnamed, Frenchman; and that the attempt to father it upon Joseph Bonaparte was neither more nor less than a piece of biblioplist juggling quackery.

The Anniversary Festival of the Literary Fund was held on Saturday last, the Duke of Somerset in the chair, supported by the Earl of Mulgrave, the Prince of Canino (Lucien Bonaparte), and his Excellency the Greek Envoy. The Rev. Dr. Russell, the Rev. H. Stebbing, J. E. Tennant, Esq., Captains Marryat and Chamier, Messrs. Theodore Hook, Lockhart, Gleig, Jerdan, and other literary men, were present. The meeting was not numerous, but the subscriptions were liberal, and the whole went off famously.

Our readers will hear with as much delight as we feel in communicating the information, that we have just succeeded in purchasing no less than thirty-eight unpublished letters, written by England's naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times, says Southey—NELSON. They were addressed to his uncle Suckling, of whom it is said in one of these letters, "that he was not merely a near relation, but a sincere friend." They extend over a period of eighteen years, from 1785 to 1802. Some of them are most interesting, giving the particulars of his hopes and disappointments, even of his courtship and his marriage,—some are written in haste, immediately after his battles—and they form together an invaluable record of his private feelings. It is our intention, at an early period, to publish them in this Journal, connected together by such a general outline of his life, as shall seem necessary to a full understanding of the allusions made in them, and the circumstances under which they were written.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

June 7.—A general meeting was held this day, at two o'clock, the Right Hon. Charles W. Williams Wynn, M.P., President, in the chair.

A great number of donations were laid on the table, amongst which were the following: from the Rev. Dr. Wiseman, a complete collection of the works of F. Paolino, S. Bartolomeo, and his own 'Horse Syriacæ'; and Remarks on Lady Morgan's statement respecting St. Peter's Chair; from Sir George Staunton, Bart., a large and curious model of the Pagoda and Convent of Priests, which was assigned as the residence of the British Ambassador to China, when visiting Canton—also, an original painting by a Chinese artist, representing the Court of Inquiry held

on the 8th March, 1807, at the special requisition, and in presence of, the British authorities, by the Chinese, to inquire into a charge of murder brought against some seamen of the Hon. Company's ship *Neptune*, which terminated in their acquittal, on a verdict of accidental homicide, and a copy of a lithographic print from the preceding picture; by Major Robertson, a drawing of the Shastris game of Heaven and Hell; by Sri Bhavani Charana Sarma, Sri Lakshmi Narayana Sarma, Moonshee Ramdhun Sen, and Hukeem Moulvee Abdool Mujeed, through James Atkinson, Esq., copies of various works published by them in the Oriental languages at Calcutta; from Captain Elwon, of the Bombay Marine, sixty-two specimens of minerals and lava from the islands and coasts of the Red Sea, and two ancient Cufic inscriptions on stone.

John Arrowsmith, Esq., and James Whatman, Esq., were elected Resident Members of the Society.

The paper read was a Memoir on Sind, by the late Capt. M'Murdo, communicated by Jas. Bird, Esq., M.R.A.S. This memoir commences with some speculations as to the origin of the name of Sind, which the author conceives to be derived from the river Indus: its boundaries and divisions, in ancient and modern times, are next detailed, and are succeeded by some observations on the climate, which is considered, generally speaking, unhealthy, particularly in the neighbourhood of those parts subject to the annual inundation; and among the prevalent diseases are mentioned intermittent fevers, asthma, and rheumatism.

That portion of the soil of Sind which is subject to the inundation, is sometimes of a rich clay, sometimes a fine loam, and elsewhere a loose sand; the former is extremely fertile, and produces luxurious crops of grain without tillage, when moist from recent floods. The author proceeds to describe the various grains and natural productions of the country—at which point the reading on the present occasion terminated.

The meeting was then adjourned to the 21st inst.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

May 28.—Col. Leake in the chair.—The following papers were read:—1, Remarks, by Mr. Wilkinson, on two figures of lions, inscribed with hieroglyphics, which were brought from Ethiopia, by Lord Prudhoe. Many historical particulars were deduced from an examination of the sculptures on these monuments, respecting the Pharaohs, Amunoph III., and his elder brother Amun-Toonh, during whose joint reign they appear to have been placed before some temple.—2, A memoir by Mr. Cullimore, being a Report on Signor Janelli's system of Hieroglyphic Interpretation, contained in a publication presented to the Society by Prince Cimitile. Mr. Cullimore strenuously defended the system of interpretation established by Dr. Young and M. Champollion.

June 11.—Lord Bexley in the chair.—Two papers were likewise read at this meeting. In the first of these, the writer, Sir Thomas Phillips, pointed out the origin of the names of numerous places in England, in the Saxon period. It appeared from his researches, that the greater part of our denominations of villages, &c., are compounded of the names of Saxon kings, or other eminent persons, who conferred celebrity upon the respective spots, by some action of their lives, or more frequently, by their burial. A long catalogue accompanied the remarks, each containing the name of some individual Saxon, terminated by one or other of the following five words—*lan, stan, beril, tree, cross*—all denoting burial-places.

The second paper consisted of Explanatory

Observations, by Mr. Beke, on a memoir of his, lately read before the Society, entitled, 'Reasons for believing that the writings attributed to Manetho are not authentic.' The opinions advanced by him on that occasion having been impugned, he re-stated the grounds of them in the present paper, candidly admitting, at the same time, the force of the arguments which his opponent had brought forward on the other side.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

June 6.—Dr. Grant explained the development of the Vertebral System, according to the views proposed by Geoffroy St.-Hilaire. In the lowest tribes of animals, the earliest representation of a skeleton is to be found in a few isolated aciculi of siliceous or calcareous matter, which can be discovered in their gelatinous mass. In the highest, the process of ossification commences with the appearance of similar aciculi, which, by degrees, run together, become agglutinated, and form bones. Amongst the earliest formed bones are the vertebrae; each of these may be looked on as consisting of seven different parts: the *body*, in the centre, bearing on its upper surface two *perivertebræ*, which unite to form a single *superior spinous process*, and on the inferior, or lateral part, two *paravertebræ*, which also unite to form one *inferior spinous process*. (This was all explained by a reference to figures.) The use assigned to the two *perivertebræ*, is to form a ring for the defence of the nervous system; the *paravertebræ* perform the same office for the sanguineous; and the superior and inferior spinous processes serve for the attachment of muscles, and the enlargement, when necessary, of the body in the vertical direction. This may be particularly observed in the wolf-fish, in which the parts forming these bones are, in place of lying side by side, actually placed the one beyond the other, constituting the bones usually termed *interspinous*, and giving such a great lateral depth to the fish, that its body strikes the water with a large surface, and thus enables it to attain a rapid and violent progressive movement.

If we take an animal very low in the scale—a guinea-worm, or an echinorhynchus, and hold it between us and the light, we shall perceive that the rings into which its body are divided contain a transparent elastic substance, like a frame-work, forming the *point d'appui* for their muscles, and, in fact, presenting the earliest traces of a skeleton. In insects, we find these rings hardened by the deposition of the carbonate and phosphate of lime into a bony consistence, and defending the nervous and sanguineous systems, the former of which, in them, is placed below, and the latter above. The same arrangement prevails in the crustacea, where not only have we the hardened rings, but a distinct aperture is formed beneath for the protection and reception of their nervous cord. Here we observe a wonderful approximation between this form and use of the external frame-work, and those which we have already assigned to the internal vertebrae in vertebrate animals. Accordingly, as soon as we commence with their lowest representatives, the fish, we find there is but a step; the ring surrounding the nervous cord still continues, but the situation of the different apparatus has totally changed: the nervous system is now above, the sanguineous below, and the *perivertebræ* have assumed their proper office of defending the former: and as, towards the anterior extremity, this swells out into a brain, so do the rings swell with it, and constitute a skull, which thus is nothing more than vertebrae considerably developed. In some inhabitants of the deep, not properly fish, such as the dolphin, and others of the whale kind, respiration is performed by lungs: they are, therefore, constantly obliged to seek the surface. To enable them to do this with facility, they

have the tail fin placed horizontally, so that its stroke enables them to rise or descend with rapidity. But, as this might endanger the great bloodvessel, which is beneath the spine, and would have nothing but the yielding intestines between it and the great shock which the water must communicate in a rapid descent, the *paravertebræ* are wisely bent downwards, and formed into a ring around the vessel, so as to give it a firm bony casing. Still advancing, we observe the same unity of purpose: in the terrestrial mammalia, as in man himself, the sanguineous system, enlarged and complicated, and connected so intimately with the respiratory, the digestive, and other apparatus, no longer admits of being isolated, but requires that a common investment should protect them all. This induces only a modification of the same plan. The *paravertebræ* no longer bend down, but stand out as *transverse processes*; the inferior spinous process no longer remains single, but resolved, as it were, into its elemental constituents, and, maintaining its position at the end of the *paravertebræ*, it now appears as *ribs*, which surround and protect all the apparatus we have mentioned.

We thus see how the consideration of the development of a vertebra may lead us to that of the entire trunk—nay, of the entire frame, the limbs themselves being nothing more than radiations from this common centre.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 21.—George Bellas Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Murchison, V.P.G.S., 'On the Sienitic, Porphyritic, and Trap Rocks in Shropshire, Montgomeryshire, Herefordshire, Worcestershire, Radnorshire, and Caermarthenshire, and on the effects which those rocks have produced on the formations in contact with them, and on the proofs which they afford in support of M. Necker's theory of the Connexion of Metallic Veins with Igneous Rocks.'

June 4.—Mr. Greenough, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—Dr. Turner 'On the action of Steam on Glass'—Mr. Taylor, 'On the strata penetrated in sinking a well, at Diss, in Norfolk'—Sir Philip Egerton, 'On the Bone Caves of the Hartz and Franconia'—Mr. Wetherell, 'On the fossils found in sinking a well on the south side of Hampstead Heath.'

This being the last meeting of the session, the Society adjourned at the close of the business of the evening to Wednesday, November 5th.

We take this opportunity to publish the following extracts from the address of the President, Mr. Greenough, because the subject seems to us more likely than those usually discussed at the Society's meetings, to interest the general reader.

On the Theory of Elevation.

Among the subjects which have for some years past engaged the thoughts of geologists, none perhaps has excited so general and intense an interest as the Theory of Elevation. I shall avail myself, therefore, of the present occasion to lay before you a connected statement of the scattered facts and opinions upon which it rests. . . .

By the term *Elevation*, I mean only the removal of any given object from a lower level to a higher level; consequently it is necessary, before I speak of an object as *elevated*, that I should be prepared to show two things: first, the level at which it has stood; secondly, the level at which it stands. . . .

It is stated by Von Hoff, that in the year 1771 several tracts of land were upraised in Java, and that a new bank made its appearance opposite the mouth of the river Batavia. The authorities cited for the effect of this, and several other earthquakes mentioned in the same place by this author, are Sir Stamford Raffles, John

Prior's Voyage in the Indian Seas, and Hist. Gen. des Voy. tom. ii. p. 401. Mr. Lyell has cited the first of these only, but no such fact is noted in either edition of the work of Sir Stamford Raffles. The other authorities adduced by Von Hoff I have been unable to consult; but from the Appendix to the Batavian Transactions (which contains an apparently authentic account of all the recorded earthquakes that have taken place in Java during a century and a half,) it would seem, that in the year 1771, in which the uprising is said to have happened in that island, there was no earthquake at all.

The Earthquake of Chili in 1822 has been so much insisted on, that it requires detailed consideration. Of this event an account by Mrs. Graham is inserted in our Transactions. I am deeply sensible of the honour that lady conferred on the Society by her obliging compliance with the request which elicited her narrative, and it is only the importance of its contents which could induce me to subject them to the test of rigid examination.

According to this account, "it appeared on the morning after the earthquake, that the whole line of coast from north to south, to the distance of above 100 miles, had been raised above its former level." But by what standard was the former level ascertained? who on the morning of so fearful a catastrophe could command sufficient leisure and calmness to determine and compute a series of changes, which extended 100 miles in length, and embraced (according to a statement in the Journal of Science,) an estimated area of 100,000 square miles? How could a range of country so extensive be surveyed while the ground was still rocking, which it continued to do on that day, and for several successive months? What was the average number of observations per square mile? Who made, checked, and registered them? By what means did the surveyors acquaint themselves with what had been the levels and contour before the catastrophe took place, by which, as we are told, all the landmarks were removed, and the soundings at sea completely changed?

Mrs. Graham states that by the dislodgement of snow from the mountains, and the consequent swelling of rivers and lakes, much detritus was brought to the coast; and further, that sand and mud were brought up through cracks to the surface. Amid so many agents it would not be easy to assign to each, its share in the general result.

That fishes lay dead on the shore may prove only that there had been a storm. In her published travels, Mrs. Graham represents them as lying on the beach, which may very well have been thrown up, as the Chesil bank has been, by a violent sea. Some muscles, oysters, &c., still adhered, she says, to the rocks on which they grew; but we know not the nature or dimensions of these rocks, whether fixed or drifted. The occurrence of a shelly beach above the actual sea-level is an observation which must not be lost sight of. I propose to speak of it hereafter: in the mean time be it recollected, that these beaches are said to occur along the shore at various heights, along the summit of the highest hills, and even among the Andes.

Neither in the paper of Mrs. Graham, nor in the anonymous account published about the same time in the Journal of Science, can I find any paragraph to justify the position (which, from the seductive character of the work† in which it appears, may, if not now assailed, soon be deemed unassailable,) that a district in Chili, one hundred thousand miles in area, "was uplifted to the average height of a foot or more, and the cubic contents of the *granitic mass*

added in a few hours to the land." By what means we get the average I do not know. Mrs. Graham says, the alteration of level at Valparaiso was about three feet; at Quinjero, about four feet; but the *granitic mass*!—has the geological surface of Chili been sufficiently examined to assure us that granite extends over one hundred thousand square miles?

In the well-known work of Molina, a Jesuit who passed the greater part of his life in Chili, and wrote a natural history of that country, I find no ground for supposing that in any earthquakes which took place there from the time the Spaniards first landed on its shores to the days of his publication, any similar phenomena had been noticed. Moreover, the statement of Mrs. Graham, and of the writer before alluded to, respecting the *Elevation of land* which occurred during the earthquake of 1822, has not been confirmed by Captain King, nor by any naval officer or naturalist who has since visited that region, though many have visited it who had heard the circumstance, and who would willingly have corroborated it if they could. But they saw no traces of any such event; and the natives with whom they conversed neither recollected nor could be induced to believe it.

The 16th number of the *Mercurio Chileno*, a scientific Journal, contains an account of this earthquake, by Don Camilo Enriquez, which I have not been able to procure. A later number refers to this account, and to another published in the 'Abeija Argentina,' a work of considerable reputation, which, by the kindness of Mr. Woodbine Parish, I have been enabled to consult. The account there given of the earthquake of 1822, is strongly recommended to the reader, "as a sensible straight-forward description of what actually took place, without the high colouring in which ignorance and terror and exaggeration are apt to indulge."

No notice is here taken of the permanent *Elevation of the Land*, and the account concludes thus:—

"The earth certainly cracked in places that were sandy or marshy: I saw cracks too in some of the hills, but mostly in the low nook where much earth had run together; the sea was not much altered,—it retired a little, but came back to its old place. Don Onofri Bunster, who, on the night of the earthquake, was walking on the shore at Valparaiso, in front of his house, had a mind to go up on the hill, but could not, so great was the quantity of falling dust and stones: he repaired to his boat therefore, and with some difficulty got aboard; this done, he made observations on the motion of the sea; on sounding, the depth was thirteen fathoms; he heaved the lead a second time, and the depth was no more than eight fathoms: this alternate ebbing and flowing lasted the whole night, but did not the slightest harm on shore."

These are the only cases I remember to have met with, in which the testimony of eye-witnesses has been adduced to prove the rise of land by earthquakes. That such rise may have taken place, at different times, without being recorded, perhaps even without being observed, is not very improbable; but if I am to pronounce a verdict according to the evidence, I believe there is not as yet one well-authenticated instance in any part of the world, of a non-volcanic rock having been seen to rise above its natural level in consequence of an earthquake.

Before I quit this subject, it may not be amiss to mention, that on comparing the times at which the successive shocks took place in Chili, as given by Mrs. Graham, and the other authorities to which I have had occasion to refer, the discrepancy is extraordinary.

I have already intimated in a few words, my opinion as to the sense in which land can be said to be *elevated by means of volcanoes*. Of these, Vesuvius is perhaps the most constantly

† Bakewell's Geology, 4th edition, p. 504, Lyell, vol. i. pp. 401, 455. De la Beche's Manual, 2nd edition, Scrope on Volcanoes, p. 209.

‡ Lyell, vol. i. p. 473.

observed; and among the innumerable authors who have described its effects, from the time of Pliny down to the present day, not one pretends that the Apennine limestone, close at hand, has been in the least raised by that volcano. We shall do well to bear this in mind, when we have occasion to consider the height at which tertiary shells are found on Etna. That those shells belong to beds thrown up by Etna, is a doctrine founded upon induction, not upon experience. As far as experience goes, we have no reason to think that Etna, in its most violent paroxysms, will ever raise those tertiary strata above their present level.

Leaving these scenes of paroxysmal violence, let us next inquire, whether there may not be going on, in the calmest seasons and in the stillest countries, a chronic and almost imperceptible impulsion of land upwards.

As early as the time of Swedenborg, who wrote in 1715, it was observed that the level of the Baltic and German Ocean was on the decline. About the middle of the last century an animated and long-continued discussion took place in Sweden, first as to the cause of this phenomenon, and then as to its reality. Hellant, of Tornea, who had been assured of the fact by his father, an old boatman, and who afterwards witnessed it himself, bequeathed all he had to the Academy of Sciences, on condition that they should proceed with the investigation: the sum was small, but the bequest answered the purpose. Some of the members of the Academy made marks on exposed cliffs and in sheltered bays, recording the day on which the marks were made, and their then height above the water. The Baltic affords great facility to those who conduct such experiments, as there is no tide, nor any other circumstance to affect its level, except unequal pressure of the atmosphere on its surface and on that of the ocean: this produces a variation which is curiously exemplified at Lake Malar near Stockholm. As the barometer rises or falls, the Baltic will flow into the lake, or the lake into the Baltic. The variation resulting from the inequality of atmospheric pressure, however, is trifling. In sheltered spots, mosses and lichens grow down to the water's edge, and thus form a natural register of its level. Upon this line of vegetation marks were fixed, which now stand in many places two feet above the surface of the water.

In the year 1820-1, Bruncrona visited the old marks, measured the height of each above the line of vegetation, fixed new marks, and made a Report to the Academy. With this Report has been published an Appendix by Halstrom, containing an Account of Measurements made by himself and others along the coast of Bothnia. From these documents it would appear, 1. That along the whole coast of the Baltic the water is lower in respect to the land than it used to be. 2. That the amount of variation is not uniform. Hence it follows, that either the sea and land have both undergone a change of level, or the land only; a change of level in the sea only will not explain the phenomena.

A quarter of a century has now elapsed since Mr. Von Buch declared his conviction that the surface of Sweden was slowly rising all the way from Fredericksall to Abo, and added that the rise might probably extend into Russia. Of the truth of that doctrine the presumption is so strong, as to demand, that similar experiments and observations should be instituted and continued for a series of years in other countries, with a view to determine whether any change of level is slowly taking place in those also. The British Association for the Advancement of Science have already obeyed the call. A committee has been appointed to procure satisfactory data to determine this question as far as relates to the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, and

I cannot but hope that similar investigations will also be set on foot along the coasts of France and Italy, and eventually be extended to many of our colonial possessions.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

April 15.—The President in the chair.—Mr. Robert Davidson, civil engineer, was elected an Associate. An engraved plan of Leith Harbour, Docks, &c., from a survey by Mr. James Leslie, engineer to the Harbour, was presented by Captain Dall.

A conversation was held on the refractive quality of the atmosphere as affecting the taking of levels—an extract from the Memoir of the late Captain Joseph Huddart, relating to the subject, having been previously read. Captain Huddart had frequently remarked that low lands, and the extremities of head lands, forming an acute angle with the horizon when viewed from a distance, appeared elevated above the horizon with an open space between the land and the sea. These appearances he considered to arise from, and be in proportion to, the evaporation going on at the time, and felt convinced they were caused by evaporation; and that, instead of the refraction of the atmosphere increasing to the surface of the sea, it must decrease towards it from some elevated space; and that the principal cause which prevents the uniformity of density and refraction being continued, by the general law, down to the surface, is evaporation. He also conjectured that the difference of specific gravity in the particles of the atmosphere, may be a principal agent in evaporation; for the corpuscles of air, from their affinity with water, being combined at the surface of the fluid from expansion, form air specifically lighter than the drier atmosphere, and therefore rise, and become lighter as they ascend, until they become of the same density as the atmosphere.—A member concluded from the above statements that the maximum of refraction was at the point most elevated from the surface to which evaporation extends, and, consequently, that a person should be guarded in taking levels when elevated from the surface of a marsh or body of water during the process of evaporation.—A member had frequently observed objects across the Thames come into view on the rise of the tide which at low water were hidden by the intervening land, this he attributed entirely to refraction, and considered that levels across a body of water should be taken as near the surface as possible.—It was observed that this phenomenon was probably caused by the greater width of refractive medium; also, that long sights were to be avoided in taking levels after heavy rains; and that in levelling across a stream more accuracy would be attained by assuming the height of water equal at both sides, than by taking a sight with the spirit level.

After a few remarks on the Docks and Harbour of Leith, a portion of Mr. Temperley's MS. work on the Hull Docks, was read, in which is recorded a plan for reversing the lock gates, whereby the apron, cills, &c. may be repaired, without interrupting the business of the dock. This plan was first adopted by Mr. Walker, in the River Thames, when the gates were removed in their vertical position by barges, and placed in the reverse quoins. Some particulars relating to a bridge built over the above lock, in which a variable weight is used as a counterpoise, were given.—Members had seen the same adjustment (the compensating chain) applied to various purposes; but the above is the first instance of its having been applied to lifting bridges. It was mentioned that the first bridge lifted by means of an iron quadrant was that constructed by Mr. Baird, on the Forth and Clyde Canal; the first double-lifting bridge was constructed by Mr. Rennie, at Leith.

April 22.—The President in the chair.—Mr. John G. Thomson, and Mr. Samuel F. Adair, were elected Associates.

A description of Mr. Mitchell's plan for a floating dock was read, and discussion held, as to the advantages to be derived from its use. The dock is proposed to be constructed of three water-tight caissons, attached by his patent screws, at low water, to twelve piles, similar to those employed in the new mooring. The vessel being floated on, and the screws loosened, the whole rises with the tide.—A member considered the common punt dock would prove equally advantageous, and more economical than Mr. Mitchell's design. He instanced one at Rye, capable of taking in a line-of-battle ship, and drawing only two feet six inches of water, the construction of which cost only 250*l*. It was remarked, that in punt docks there is a chance of swamping in rough weather, which Mr. Mitchell's plan would obviate.

A conversation was subsequently held on the new rules for measurement of vessels for register tonnage.

April 29.—The President in the chair.—An engraving of a wooden bridge of one arch, 980 feet span, proposed to be erected at St. Petersburg, was presented by the President.

A conversation was held on the various methods pursued in hardening steel; and the change which takes place in the nature of the metal by immersion in water or other fluids after being raised to a red heat. It was remarked that a collection of these methods would prove very acceptable to the scientific world, and any person undertaking such a publication would be amply remunerated by the encouragement that would be undoubtedly bestowed. Where extreme hardness is required, some use a solution of sulphuric acid and water. For small articles, mercury is used, being a rapid conductor of heat, the metal is thus quickly cooled; a composition of rosin and neat's foot oil was used by the late Mr. Maudslay, for hardening circular and other saw blades; after immersion in the composition, the blades were re-heated and dipped in oil, which became ignited and was blazed off; which is simply whirling the blade in the air until the whole of the oil is consumed. This operation gave great toughness and temper to the metal: but not such hardness as by simple immersion in water. A member remarked, that he had always found chill cast-iron to be the hardest—punches for piercing hot iron are of this nature. A member had tempered iron with good effect in liquid tallow, mixed with a small quantity of arsenic. In Germany he had known a solution of salt and water employed.—In tempering files, a member stated that to prevent oxidation they are coated with a mixture of salt and the sediment of ale or beer. Garlic, as also soft soap, had been used for the same purpose.—It was stated that, in cutting wood for veneers, Sheffield saws, tempered in the ordinary way, were quite adequate—so much so, that by Mr. Brunel's invention, sixteen veneers had been cut from the inch, five feet in width. Mention was made of a machine erected by Mr. Brunel, some years since, with which he could cut wood into veneers without any waste; but so strong was the prejudice against it, that the wood remained unsold after being cut; the machine was broken up and disposed of as old iron.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	{	Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
	{	Harveian Society	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	{	Linnæan Society	Eight, P.M.
	{	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
TH.	{	Royal Society	P. 8, P.M.
	{	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
SAT.		Royal Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.

FINE ARTS

Works of Art lie before us in great numbers, and of very various degrees of excellence. Here we have Painting enacting the part of handmaid to the Muse, and courting notice under the shadow of her wing: we have her also performing a more independent part, and seeking distinction as patroness alike of verse and prose: while elsewhere, she comes boldly upon us, daring our opinion, unaccompanied by one word of either description or commendation. We must endeavour to introduce our readers to a few of these rarities; though, alas! the best description can give but an imperfect idea of true art.

With the merits of Harlow the world is too slightly acquainted: his life was obscure, and he died young. His vivid colouring and force of expression are well represented in the print before us, of *Wolsey receiving the Cardinal's Hat*: it is engraved by Giller. The haughty prelate is kneeling to receive this large increase of honour; around him are England's best and noblest. The ceremony is a splendid one, and the dresses are of the kind which painters love—flowing and magnificent.

The Princess Victoria, painted by Westall, and engraved by Edward Finden, will find admirers, though deficient in that beautiful simplicity which belongs to her time of life, and which we have no doubt is her portion. To speak more plainly, the artist has erred in making her think with all her might; she is seated under a tree with a sketch-book in one hand, and a pencil in the other, and looking at an object as if she would look it through. This, we are sure, she never does: when will artists give nature fair play?

There is some good dramatic painting in Rich-ter's *Brute of a Husband*. A handsome young woman bares her bosom to a gouty and puffy Justice, to show the effects of her husband's blows: the magistrate is putting forth his hand to touch the injured part: his lady, a sort of walking-skeleton, with abundance of vinegar in her face, seems on the point of interposing, while the luckless husband stands in the rear, his brows dark with wrath, and his hands a-kinbo, breathing blows and blood, for the painter has indicated modestly, yet sufficiently, that the blows have not been bestowed for nothing. Passion is here a little caricatured, yet the scene is, on the whole, effective.

Studies from Nature, by James Inskipp.—Nature never suffers at the hand of this artist: he gives the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field, and man, the lord and the abuser of all, fair play. Here is the head of a cottage girl, such a one as Gainsborough would have walked seven miles to see; more full of sentiment than beauty, and yet beautiful too: dashed off at a sudden heat of fancy, and yet well studied. It is the second of a series; and, if the succeeding ones are like it, we need not wish the work success, for it will command it.

Newton has produced many sweet and clever things, and *The Gentle Student* is one of his best. Here we have a very handsome young lady musing on a book: one hand lies over the page, and the other is held up to her chin; a posture, chosen for the purpose of displaying the bracelets on her white arms, and the miniature of some favoured one suspended from a very well-formed neck. She is one of those ladies who desire a name in art, yet will not work to obtain it—a numerous class in these days of wealth and idleness.

There are many portrait painters, and yet there are few who can paint a portrait. A mere likeness is easily caught, but an intellectual likeness is a more elusive matter. The *Portrait of Robert Hall*, drawn by Branwhite, and engraved by W. Finden, is, no doubt, a likeness, yet we hold it exaggerated in the animal, and tamed down in the mental part. The mouth is as wide

as the slit of a post-office, and the whole face is radiant rather with good living than with lofty thought.

From single prints we come to periodical issues of Art: here is the first number of *Specimens of Elizabethan Architecture*, a work conducted by Mr. Henry Shaw. It contains some rich and grotesque things, and promises to be not only useful to the student, but interesting to all who love, without travelling, to look upon the picturesque and the elegant. We are barbarous enough to think that the Gothic is not always inferior to the Grecian, and that some of the buildings of the days of Elizabeth and James are worthy of being imitated now.

Mr. Murray is a bold man; he ranges at will over subjects classic and barbarous—sacred and profane. His *Landscape Illustrations of the Bible* have reached a fourth number, and all who look at them must desire to have them continued, for they are in many instances not only beautiful, but sublime. Calcott is the leading light of No. III. and IV.: his *View from Mount Carmel*—his *Fords of the Jordan*—his *Fountain at Jericho*—and his *Pergamus*, are all in his happiest manner. Turner, too, has exerted his pencil, nor has Stanfield fallen off.

The imagination and skill of Martin find congenial employment in illustrating the sacred volume. His pencil has the rare merit of realizing Scripture landscape; it seems touched with the mingled fire and gloom which marked Isaiah and others of the inspired: his conceptions belong to the land of prophets and miracles. *The Walls of Jericho falling down*, and *Moses breaking the Tables*, are each admirable in their own peculiar way, and will be found useful by the unimaginative reader of those terrific passages in Scripture.

The new number of the *Illustrations of Modern Sculpture* contains, *The Sleeping Children*, by Chantrey, *The Narcissus*, by Bacon, and *Benevolence*, by Canova. The latter is well—nay, delicately engraved; nor is the merit of Bacon ill represented. Chantrey's group, one of the most exquisitely natural and graceful creations of the English school, is not so happily given by the graver: the lips are hard and sharp, and the faces are weak in feeling.

The Lady Clare, by Phillips, is the charm of the seventh number of Tilt's *Illustrations of the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott*. *The View of Melrose*, "all under the light of the moon," is very effective.

No. XVII. of *Turner's England and Wales*, may be charged with a fault so rare, that we rather think it is a beauty—the cities are made too poetic: they are visions rather than realities; yet we grumble, and buy, and long for the next number.

What can we say of four numbers of the fifth edition of *Lodge's Portraits*—viz. XXIII., XXIV., XXV., and XXVI.? The great success of the work renders praise of no avail, and no one can with propriety say that its good fortune is undeserved.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

L'Assedio di Corinto, produced on Thursday week, for the benefit of Laporte, attracted a very crowded house. We hold a different opinion of this music from some of our contemporaries, who are more easily pleased by the brilliancy of a scene, or the tunefulness of a melody, than by those concerted pieces, and dramatic adaptations of sound to sense, which give us the highest delight. These we find throughout this opera, and we like it in proportion. In the first place, the introduction has a clearness, a force, and a freshness, which none of Rossini's many *diluters* could reach. The trio which follows, too, is in his best and most impassioned manner; so is the chorus of the Turks, and the

splendid aria *'Sorgete!'* for the bass voice, nor must we omit to mention the simple and solemn *preghiera* in the second act, at the close of which the effect of the *forando* was nothing short of sublime. We must also find room to praise the priests' address to the Greeks, with their responses, and the spirited march in the third act; it produces one of those effects in which Rossini stands alone; in fact, by his repeating something of the same sort in *'Guillaume Tell'*, it would appear to be one of *Il Maestro's* own favourite imaginations. So much for the music. As regards the singers, Grisi is best, and always good, when in action, and executes a song composed by Costa, (the introduction to which is particularly good,) with perfect finish of execution. Rubini, in the grand air in the third act, appears to more advantage than we have yet heard him. Signor Ivanoff, too, introduces a song in the second act, which is the only opportunity we have of hearing him; we suspect his part throughout to be transposed; in any case it does not suit his voice. We wish Laporte would give more efficient occupation to this most promising artist. Tamburini is, as usual, full of energy, and sings splendidly; and the choruses are beginning to find out that they have something else to do besides standing in a row and singing as little as possible. The band was not always perfect; the cymbals and side-drums are insufferably noisy in the finales. The scenery and dresses are new; the destruction of Corinth in the last scene most effectively managed, but the *spectacle* is not to be compared to the one presented in Paris. "They order these things better in France."

The Germans gave us a version of Boieldieu's *'Dame Blanche'* on Monday—we are sorry to say, with little success. Surely, we shall not deserve to be called a musical nation, till we can put up with second-rate singers, for the sake of new and most beautiful music (such as is Boieldieu's) very carefully performed. We have long been compelled so to do (dispensing with the good music and careful performance) at our own theatres. *'Die Weisse Frau'* is well worth hearing; and comes with a most piquant freshness upon our ears, after all the Italian music we have been hearing.

Taglioni has appeared twice in *'La Sylphide'*. When are we to have a new ballet? we are afraid that the *'fairy's bower'* runs some risk of being worn out.

Antient Concerts.—These have closed for the season, with a very heavy performance, under the direction of Earl Howe. We are happy to hear that the new regulations lately introduced have had their desired effect, and that the establishment, thus renewed, may go on and prosper. We beg to offer one word of advice to those high in office: we would recommend them not to be so profuse in their engagements of vocalists; and to give the Italian singers music better suited to their peculiar styles, than they have often done: above all, to be jealously careful of the chorus—to have old, worn-out voices replaced by fresher ones, and its strength kept up at least, if not augmented—to seek for as much novelty in this department, as their laws admit of: and finally, to be content with the absence of Dragonetti for two seasons—as the profession stands in England at present, no orchestra can be complete without him.

THEATRICALS

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

This house opened for the summer campaign on Monday evening. The performances were, *'The Housekeeper'*; a new operatic comedy in two acts by Mr. Buckstone, called *'Rural Felicity'*; and *'Second Thoughts'*.

In the first, Mrs. Nesbitt was very favourably received as Miss Taylor's substitute.

'Rural Felicity' is a very amusing piece, but not, as a whole, quite so happy an effort as the generality of those by the same author. He has trusted more to the effect of detached scenes, than to that of a regularly developed plot. The subject is simple enough, although the characters are numerous. The music is for the most part very pretty, and not unworthy of the reputation which Mr. Bishop justly enjoys as a composer.

MISCELLANEA

John Martin.—The following anecdote is from the last number of the *Booksellers' Advertiser* of New York:

"John Martin, the justly celebrated self-taught artist, has without solicitation, been elected a member of the Belgic Academy; and the government have purchased, at his own price, his noble and astonishing picture of 'The Fall of Nineveh.' By his own talents alone, Martin has risen from obscurity to an enviable distinction in his profession. We have not seen the following anecdote in print, but we have it from a friend of the parties. Some years ago, an American artist, on a visit to London, noticed in an exhibition of paintings, a small piece, of such evident merit as induced him to inquire for the painter. 'His name is John Martin,—a young man in extreme poverty; he supports himself at present by making baskets.' The American found him in a miserable apartment thus employed; he gave him a small sum of money, and advised and encouraged him to pursue the study of the more congenial art. The American visited Italy; and on his return, two or three years after, found the once poor basket-maker, now independent, married, occupying a handsome dwelling, and already famed for his extraordinary powers in the 'divine art.' 'To you,' he said to the American, 'I am indebted for this prosperity. With the money you gave me I purchased materials, and executed several pictures, which met with ready sale. I persevered, in the face of many difficulties, and, as you see, I did not persevere in vain.'—The American was *Washington Allston*, now of Boston. It is remarkable that though Martin has received many honours from foreign institutions, he has never even been admitted as a member of the London Academy of Arts, founded for the encouragement of native talent. Besides the 'Fall of Nineveh,' his 'Belshazzar's Feast,' and his 'Illustrations of Milton' are universally admired."

Now the anecdote is a good anecdote, and, if true, would reflect credit on all parties. As, however, we had a strong suspicion that it was not true, and as it was likely to be copied into the English papers, and circulated all over the country, we thought it well to address a note to the painter and enclose the paper. His answer confirms our suspicions, and, as it contains much matter of interest, we shall take the liberty of making a copious extract:—

"There is not a particle of truth in the anecdote; indeed I had not the pleasure of knowing my friend Allston until I was, in some degree, known as an artist; but I will give you a slight sketch, a mere outline, of my early career, and also of my first introduction to Allston, which, as it relates to more than myself, may not be uninteresting to you. I was not seventeen when I first arrived in London, where I was to be under the protection of Boniface Muss, or Musso, a clever master, the father of Charles Muss, the celebrated enamel painter. My first resolve on leaving my parents was, never more to receive that pecuniary assistance which I knew could not be spared, and by perseverance I was enabled to keep this resolution. Some months after my arrival in London, finding I was not so comfortable as I could wish in Mr. C. Muss's family, I removed to a room in Adam Street West, Cumberland Place, and it was there that,

by the closest application till two and three o'clock in the morning, in the depth of winter, I obtained that knowledge of perspective and architecture which has since been so valuable to me. I was at this time, during the day, employed by Mr. C. Muss's firm, painting on china and glass, by which, and making water-colour drawings, and teaching, I supported myself; in fact, mine was a struggling artist's life, when I married, which, I believe you know, I did at nineteen. It was now indeed necessary for me to work, and as I was ambitious of fame, I determined on painting a large picture. I therefore, in 1812, produced my first work, 'Sadak in search of the Waters of Oblivion,' which was executed in a month. You may easily guess my anxiety, when I overheard the men who were to place it in the frame disputing as to which was the top of the picture! Hope almost forsook me, for much depended on this work. It was, however, sold to the late Mr. Manning, the Bank director, for fifty guineas, and well do I remember the inexpressible delight my wife and I experienced at the time. My next works were 'Paradise,' which was sold to a Mr. Spong for seventy guineas, and 'The Expulsion,' which is in my own possession. My next painting, 'Clytie,' 1814, was sent to Mr. West, the President, for his inspection, and it was on this occasion that I first met Leslie, now so deservedly celebrated. I shall never forget the urbane manner with which West introduced us, saying, 'that we must become acquainted, as young artists who, he prophesied, would reflect honour on their respective countries.' Leslie immediately informed Allston, who resided in the same house with him, that he had met me.—Allston requested to be introduced, as he had felt a strong desire to know me from the time he had seen my 'Sadak,' but a sort of reserve had prevented his introducing himself, although he had several times taken up his pen to do so. Thus, twenty years ago, commenced a friendship which caused me deeply to regret Allston's departure for his native country, for I have rarely met a man whose cultivated and refined taste, combined with a mild, yet enthusiastic temper, and honourable mind, more excited my admiration and esteem. It is somewhat singular, that my picture of 'Belshazzar's Feast,' originated in an argument with Allston. He was himself going to paint the subject, and was explaining his ideas, which appeared to me altogether wrong, and I gave him my conception; he then told me that there was a prize poem at Cambridge, written by Mr. T. S. Hughes, which exactly tallied with my notions, and advised me to read it. I did so, and determined on painting the picture. I was strongly dissuaded from this by many, among others Leslie, who so entirely differed from my notions of the treatment, that he called on purpose, and spent part of a morning, in the vain endeavour of preventing my committing myself, and so injuring the reputation I was obtaining. This opposition only confirmed my intentions, and in 1821 I exhibited my picture. Allston has never seen it, but he sent from America to say, 'that he would not mind a walk of ten miles, over a quickest hedge, before breakfast, to see it.' This is something from a bad walker and worse riser. His own 'Belshazzar' was not completed for many years, not till very lately, I think."

Taglioni.—We learn for the first time from M. Daumont, that this unrivalled *danseuse* is a Swede, and was born at Stockholm. Her father was formerly chief dancer, and *maître de ballet* in that city, when he married the daughter of Karsten, a Swedish singer and tragic actor of much celebrity, whom Gustavus III. had honoured with the title of Court Secretary. Endowed with taste and judgment, says M. Daumont, M. Taglioni effected a radical reform in the dresses and properties of the Stockholm theatre, laying merciless hands on hoop-petti-

coats, fardingsales, *ailes de pigeon*, and hair powder, which still reigned there in full sway. After a long residence in Sweden, he went to Germany, where, under his auspices, his daughter made her début in 1822, on the boards of a theatre at Vienna. The French stage soon reclaimed this perfect *artiste*; every one knows her reception at Paris, and the enthusiasm which her extraordinary talents have not ceased to inspire.—The widow of M. Karsten is still living at Stockholm, as well as the two brothers of Madame Taglioni, the mother.

Periodicals in China.—According to the French Papers, the taste for literature is on the increase even in China. A new daily literary paper, and a monthly review, have been just established at Peking.

Chinese Jest translated by Stanislas Julien.—A man who was cured by taking a white potion, neglected to pay the physician, who was justly enraged at his ingratitude. Meeting the doctor some time after, he asked, "What would be the best medicine for a sick dog?"—"A white potion," replied the other.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Thurs.	5	65 45	29.58	S.W. to N.W.	Cloudy.
Frid.	6	70 48	29.80	N.W. to S.E.	Ditto.
Sat.	7	75 47	29.85	N.E.	Clear.
Sun.	8	80 41	29.80	N.E.	Ditto.
Mon.	9	75 51	29.60	N.E. to S.W.	Ditto.
Tues.	10	72 48	29.45	S.W. to S.	Cloudy.
Wed.	11	68 43	Stat.	S.W.	Showers.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus.

Nights and mornings fair throughout the week, excepting Wednesday.

Mean temperature of the week, 65.5°. Greatest variation, 39°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.65.

Day increased on Wednesday, 8h. 40'. No night.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Autobiography and Letters of Arthur Courtenay. Twenty Minutes Advice on Gout and Rheumatism. The Foreign Exchange Calculator. The Commercial Correspondent, or Mercantile Letter Writer.

The Ionian Anthology.

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Errata.—In the last Number, last line of col. 1, of the first page, read *Rocall*;—in the notice of 'Origines Biblicæ,' for *Lihor* read *Sihor*.

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